PRISON LESBIANS: SEX BEHIND BARS

HUSTLER

JUNE 2017

HARDCORE SINCE '74

TOUGH LOVE
AN INSIDE LOOK AT DOMMES & SUBS

TABOO HOW-TO **"MASTER, MAY I?"**

CHAS RAY KRIDER
THE ART OF FETISH
FEATURING DITA VON TEESE

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NATALIA STARR

+
MALENA MORGAN
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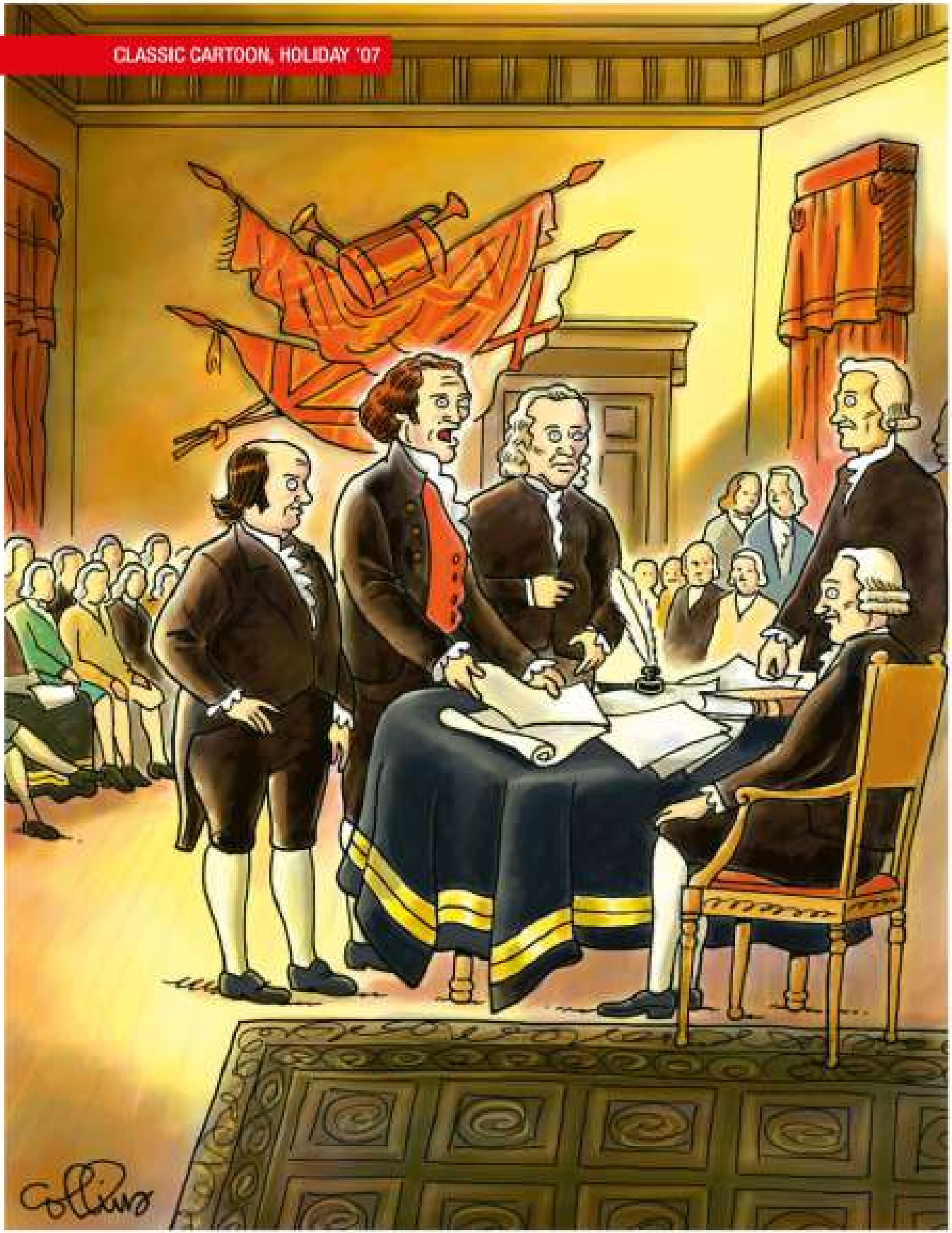

"I keep thinking we should include something in the Constitution in case the people elect a fucking moron."

HEY! DO YOU MIND? I CAN'T PISS WITH YOU WATCHING ME!
WINNERS

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DEMOCRATS IN DECLINE?

One year ago Democrats were looking forward with unbridled optimism. America had diversified ethnically, the party's base had expanded, and it looked like a golden future for progressives. These demographic trends were going to ensure a permanent Democratic majority. But now this has proven as illusory as Karl Rove's "permanent Republican majority" in the Bush years.

In addition to losing the White House and both houses of Congress, Democrats have lost over 900 seats in state legislatures since 2008, along with many governorships. And all this happened while polls consistently showed that a majority of Americans support Democratic policies such as an increased minimum wage, a public option for healthcare and a transition to a green-energy economy. So how did this nightmarish paradox happen, and what can be done to fix it?

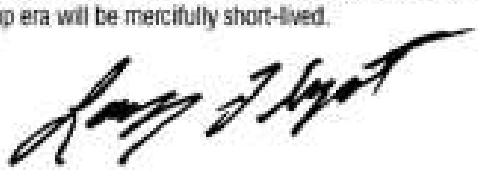
If this most bizarre of elections was about anything, it was that Americans of all persuasions were fed up with the status quo. That's how Trump squeaked by Hillary Clinton in the Electoral College—she was the status quo. Yes, every American election must always be about change—we're a restless, dissatisfied people—but this last one was clearly a loud growl of discontent.

The base for a progressive future is in place, but we need leaders who genuinely represent Main Street instead of Wall Street. Too many Democratic politicians are beholden to corporate interests—leftovers from the Democratic Leadership Council's drift to the Right in the Clinton era. There's no enthusiasm in voting for Republican Lite, or for old guard politicians like Chuck Schumer and Nancy Pelosi.

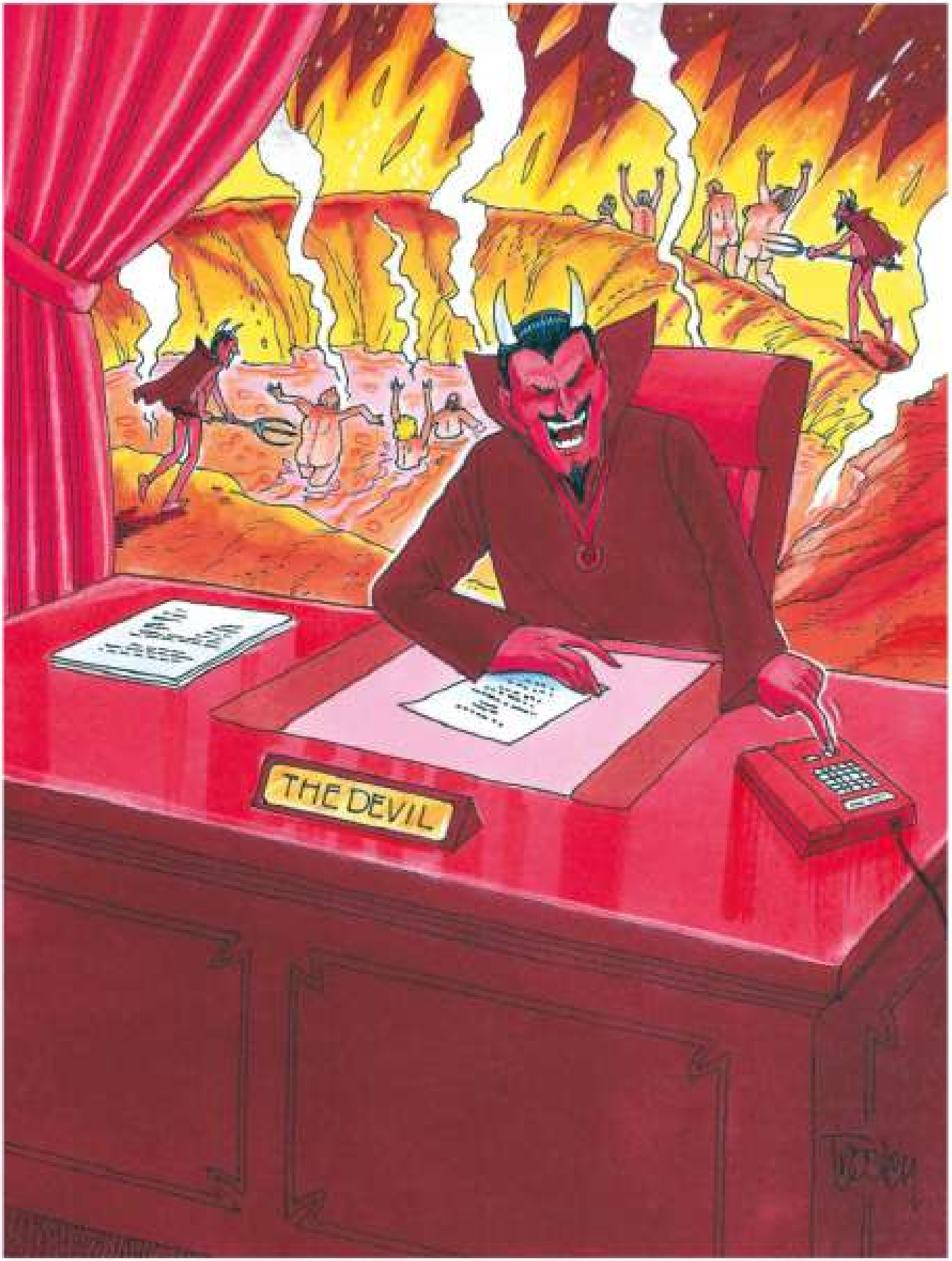
Also, it's clear that many Americans—and not just conservatives—have been turned off by some of the more absurd excesses of political correctness. The University of Virginia president was crucified recently for quoting Thomas Jefferson in an email—because Jefferson owned slaves. But so did most of our Founding Fathers. We can't completely judge the past by present standards. The irony is that Jefferson founded the University of Virginia, and the principles and ideals he espoused have since flowered. Progress is often painfully slow, but it is certain, and the revolutionary First Amendment that Jefferson championed is one reason why.

HUSTLER has always been a staunch advocate of unfettered free speech—even speech that we and others may strongly disagree with. Truth and justice are best served by vigorous debate in the public arena, not suppression of ideas or discourse.

I am convinced of this: In an honest debate, the progressive cause will always find more adherents than the old, threadbare conservative propaganda. If only more uncompromised leaders make that case, the Trump era will be mercifully short-lived.



Larry Flynt
Publisher



"Send that motherfucker Trump in—I've been waiting for him."

CHECKS & BALANCES

DEFENDERS OF THE CONSTITUTION MUST STEP UP TO KEEP OUR NEW PRESIDENT IN LINE.

Like it or not, the hugely irritating figure of Donald Trump—yes, The Donald, that designed-to-disturb bully-boy creation of reality media gone wild—has been elected to be the most powerful individual in the world.

For the next four years this cartoon character will have his finger on the button to launch a nuclear war that could blow us all to smithereens. And from what we know of the man, losing the popular vote by almost 3 million votes will not give him pause in any reckless course he might pursue. It doesn't matter how the game was rigged; get used to it or go crazy.

But that doesn't mean surrender to Trump's whims, which no doubt will lead to: more unnecessary and endless wars; the destruction of programs that work, like affordable healthcare and Social Security; or the imprisonment of any dart-throwers who disagree with him.

Such abuse of power has always been a possibility with any elected official, but the good news is that the Founders of this nation gifted us with a safeguard to thwart the ambitions of nutcases who have slipped into positions of vast governmental authority.

The Founders even anticipated that ostensibly good folks like themselves, the soon-to-be leaders of this new nation, could turn out to be dangerous to democracy. They believed that future leaders, most particularly the President, needed to be constrained by a separation of powers between the executive, legislative and judicial branches of government, a notion dating back to ancient Greece.

Aristotle must have had a future Trump in mind when he wrote of the need for "mixed government," as did the architects of the Roman Republic's political system and the persecuted Pilgrims who created a Protestant colony in the New World.

Dividing the government into three branches, thereby establishing a system of checks and balances to prevent one branch from becoming supreme, was the bedrock principle of the U.S. Constitution. I suspect that many will be referring to that document as they try to contain the lust for power of our newest President. It is now up to judges, legislators and ordinary citizens seeking a redress of grievances to hold this man in check. If that doesn't happen, it will be our fault.

When I am in a rare optimistic frame of mind, I entertain the possibility that the hubris of The Donald might be a blessing in disguise for revitalizing our democracy with a small d. After all, there is nothing especially dangerous about what the man brings to the job. Throughout American history all sorts of racists, womanizers, swindlers and demagogues have ascended to the highest office in the land.

Then I recall Harry S. Truman. What did that onetime haberdasher from Missouri really know about the atomic bomb's capability to totally obliterate civilized life when he ordered the midday annihilation of Japanese schoolchildren and other innocent civilians in Hiroshima and Nagasaki? Truman is a useful reminder that even smallish men unpossessed of bluster can do massive damage once in office. With a man of such outsized ambition and pretense as Donald Trump in the White House, the prospect of destruction on a grand scale is truly appalling.

Precisely because it is so alarming, that very prospect should now awaken the desire for limited government that was at the heart of the original American experiment. The most frightening example of unbridled power that needs to be held in check is the Presidential finger on the nuclear-strike button, as was the case with a drunken Richard Nixon and an Alzheimer's-addled Ronald Reagan.

Why, decades after the end of the Cold War, are our nuclear weapons still on hair-trigger alert? Regarding that point and matters like climate change and the decision to invade another country, perhaps the other two branches of government might be motivated to enforce the restraints on the President's powers demanded by the most clearly brilliant of all political documents—the Constitution of the United States. H

Robert Scheer, who spent almost 30 years as a Los Angeles Times columnist and editor, is now editor of **TruthDig.com**. *His latest book is They Know Everything About You: How Data-Collecting Corporations and Snooping Government Agencies Are Destroying Democracy.*

DID YOU KNOW THAT A DONALD TRUMP LIE CAN TRAVEL HALF-WAY AROUND THE WORLD WHILE HILLARY IS STILL AT HOME PUTTING ON HER PANTSUIT?
WINNER

"This is my friend Otto. Otto is 87 years old and a German citizen. He survived World War II. After Trump was elected, Otto told me, 'Pay attention! Germany has been there, done that!'"

THE BIG FIX

HOW REPUBLICANS PREVENTED AMERICA FROM KNOWING IF DONALD TRUMP WON OR LOST THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

"This whole election is being rigged," Republican candidate Donald Trump warned supporters before Election Day. "The whole thing is one big fix." Even after being declared the winner, despite losing the national popular vote by a record 2.9 million votes, Trump claimed that "millions" of illegal ballots had been cast. But when America was given a chance to find out if the election results were accurate, Team Trump fought relentlessly to keep that from happening.

Trump's self-described "landslide" was anything but. The outcome was even closer than in 2004. Out of some 14 million votes cast in three decisive states—Michigan, Wisconsin and Pennsylvania—Trump's margin over Hillary Clinton was just 77,000 votes. Had three votes been recorded for Clinton instead of Trump in each precinct in those states, she would have won the Electoral College and the Presidency. Just three votes.

Because the poll-defying margins were razor thin, computer science and voting machine experts begged Clinton to file for recounts, by hand, in Michigan, Wisconsin and Pennsylvania. It was the only way, they argued, to be certain that off-failed, easily manipulated computers hadn't been rigged. Voter-registration and party email systems had already been hacked in 2016.

"Reality is just as hackable as the lab," warned the University of Michigan's J. Alex Halderman. "In just a few seconds anyone can install vote-stealing malware on those machines that silently alters the electronic records of every vote," Professor Halderman explained. "We have one surefire defense against cyber attack, and that's voting machines in which voters can fill out a paper ballot. But the paper doesn't do any good unless someone looks at it."

The Green Party's Presidential candidate, Jill Stein, tried to publicly verify the results. In two of the three states the majority of votes were cast on paper ballots that could be examined by human beings. But after raising $7.5 million for the effort, Stein's attempts were stymied when Trump and his supporters countered in court—just as George W. Bush did in 2000—that a hand-count would "threaten" his "victory." In multiple legal filings, despite their candidate's public claim that the election was "rigged," Team Trump declared there was "no evidence" of fraud.

Of course, any such evidence, as Halderman and others testified, would be found in the ballots themselves—if anybody had been allowed to examine them. Ultimately, Trump's legal maneuvers and absurd recount laws in the three states blocked citizen oversight. As in 2000, Americans would never know the true intent of the voters.

In GOP-controlled Wisconsin the cost of a statewide recount was jacked up from $1 million to $3.9 million. Stein paid up anyway. A federal judge agreed that hand-counting was democracy's "gold standard," but she ruled that a 2015 Republican change to state law meant counties could recount by running ballots through the same optical-scan computers which tallied them the first time. (Correctly or incorrectly, who knows?)

More than 11,000 ballots were found to have been miscounted in Wisconsin, which Trump is said to have won by just over 22,000 votes. Trump and Clinton each picked up hundreds of votes in the retabulation, but hand-counts were disallowed for nearly half of the ballots in the only state to conduct such an audit.

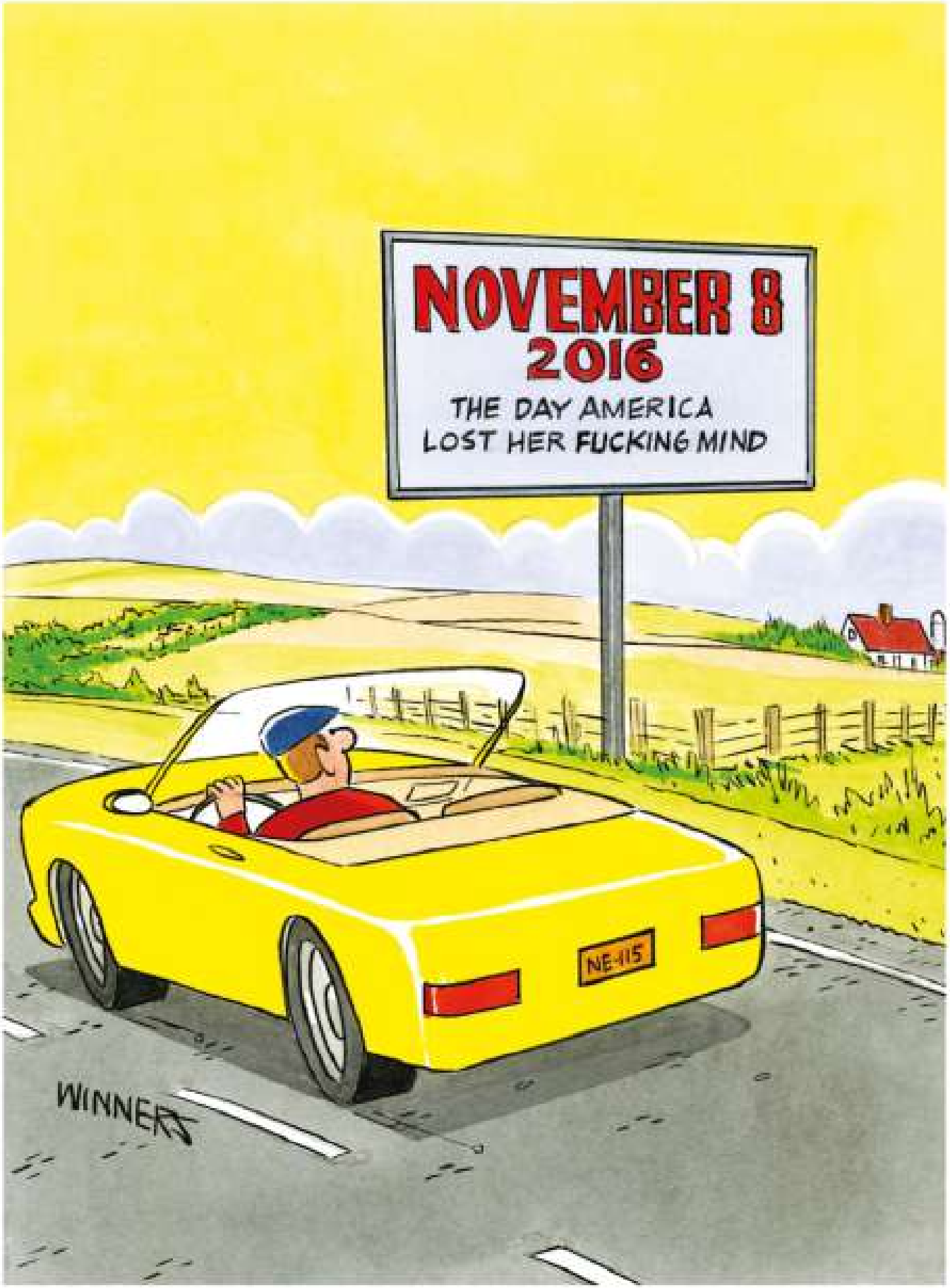
In Michigan, Trump was certified the winner by a little over 10,000 votes (.2%) out of some 4.8 million cast. An attempted hand-count was aborted after a federal judge agreed with state Republicans that Stein, who received just 1% of the vote, was not an "aggrieved" candidate entitled to a public count. Meanwhile, state officials admitted that scanners failed on Election Day across Detroit, where Clinton reportedly trounced Trump 95% to 3%. Nevertheless, more than half of the city's paper ballots were deemed uncountable due to Michigan's arcane recount laws.

Pennsylvania was the worst joke of all: 85% of its votes were cast on 100% unverifiable touch screens with no paper record of ballots. "They'll bring out some sort of a printout from the central tabulator," Marybeth Kuzmik of VotePA told me. "They look at the precinct printout, go 'Hmm, that looks the same to me,' and everything's good. That's the recount! It's nuts. It's just crazy."

But even that was barred. Republicans filed to block a statewide audit, claiming there was "no evidence" that results were wrong. Stein's attempt at forensic analyses of the electronic voting systems—the evidence computer experts had begged to examine—was shot down when a federal judge declared, "Suspicion of a 'hacked' Pennsylvania election borders on the irrational."

"The whole thing is one big fix," Trump reiterated incessantly before the election. He was right. He just didn't explain who was fixing it. H

Brad Friedman is a Los Angeles-based investigative journalist, radio host of the nationally syndicated *BradCast*, political commentator, troublemaker and publisher of *The Brad Blog* (**BradBlog.com**).


NOVEMBER 8
2016
THE DAY AMERICA
LOST HER FUCKING MIND
NE-115
WINNERT

BETSY DeVOS

Donald Trump has astounded us with his rogues' gallery of cabinet appointments. The main qualifications seem to be, one, they should be generally ignorant of the field they will be supervising and, two, they must be filthy rich. Explaining the latter, Trump said, "I want people that made a fortune because now they're negotiating with you, okay? It's no different than a great baseball player or a great golfer."

If you're having trouble parsing that, you're not alone—Trump is barely more articulate than George W. Bush. Speaking on a third-grade level seems to be a qualification for Republican Presidents nowadays. At least he hasn't appointed Curt Schilling as secretary of defense. Two other appointments, however, might as well be former NFL jocks suffering from concussion trauma: Ben Carson as secretary of housing and urban development (because he lives in a house?) and Betsy DeVos as secretary of education.

Ms. DeVos hails from Michigan royalty. Her father, Edgar Prince, is a billionaire auto parts magnate, and her father-in-law, Richard DeVos, is cofounder of Amway. Her brother, Erik Prince, founded the murderous private mercenary force Blackwater USA (now known as Academi). Both families are right-wing Christians and deep-pocket supporters of far-right causes. In 2016 alone the DeVoses donated a whopping $14 million to conservative candidates, PACs and Super PACs. Along with the notorious Koch brothers, they fund the National Center for Policy Analysis, Institute for Justice, and the Family Research Council: organizations pushing for Social Security privatization, anti-union right-to-work laws, repeal of the estate tax, gutting of environmental and business regulations, anti-LGBT laws, and "school choice"—all designed to ensure that America's obese oligarchy keeps getting richer while the rest of us get poorer.

School choice and vouchers are Betsy's lifelong passion—that's why Trump chose her. Aside from her stints as Republican National Committeewoman from Michigan and chairwoman of the Michigan Republican Party, her only qualifications are these: She was born rich, and she married rich. Betsy never attended a public school or university. Her four children did not attend public schools. She has no degree in education, no teaching experience and no experience at all in administering any school, either public or private. Her motto might as well be borrowed from Shrub Bush: "Is our children learning?" She does have a huge bank account—none of it earned by her own efforts—and that's what really gave Trump a hard-on for her. Flash seven figures at him, and Trump gets wood like John C. Holmes.

When Betsy and hubby Dick are not sailing around the Caribbean on their 492-ton Seaquest yacht (it looks like a U.S. Navy cruiser minus the guns), they roam the country spewing their loot to help elect governors and legislators favoring school vouchers, because, according to Betsy, education is "a closed system, a closed industry, a closed market. It's a monopoly, a dead end." How asinine is this statement? First of all, education is a public utility, not an "industry," although that's really what DeVos wants it to become with her for-profit privatization of our schools. She might as well argue that city fire and police departments are monopolistic "dead ends" that would benefit from more competition. Hey, Bubba, strap on your 9mm and kitchen fire extinguisher, and get in on the charter action! Got a burglar in the garage? Forget those Barney Fifes in the city police department! Call AAA-Acme Law Enforcement Inc. now! (Credit check required.)

How the hell is there a "monopoly" of education with over 13,000 independent school districts in America, all of them managed by local municipal or county governments, with many magnet schools for the gifted and talented or children with special needs? You dropped a big cow patty there, Betsy.

In 2000 the DeVos-funded Great Lakes Education Project sponsored a ballot initiative to legalize school vouchers in Michigan. It went down in flames, but DeVos lobbyists successfully used the Trojan Horse strategy to append a provision to other legislation in 2015—it actually made property tax increases harder to enact for local school districts, as if public schools in Rust Belt Michigan were not already suffering enough! This reveals DeVos's real mission: starve the public schools, and funnel taxpayer money into private academies to subsidize the education of their own precious darlings.

All parents should have a choice, DeVos argues. So Betsy devised a plan to offer more choice: the Detroit charter school system. The result? Charter schools proliferated with no government regulation or oversight—the traditional Republican way—and Detroit ended up with the lowest reading and math scores "by far" of any city evaluated by the National Assessment of Educational Progress. Under the law that DeVos helped craft, charter schools that failed miserably were still allowed to operate and expand—hey, as long they're making a profit off the sucker parents, who cares?

Not Betsy DeVos. "The point was to raise all schools," said Scott Romney, a lawyer and board member of New Detroit. "Instead, we've had a total and complete collapse of education in this city."

Across the country, charter schools have not performed any better than public schools, and in many cases, as in Detroit, they actually do worse. They tend to follow the model of private prisons: taxpayer-gouging, profiteering rip-offs, notorious for inmate abuse and violence far beyond that of state and federal prisons. But the dismal evidence against privatization, like the evidence against "creation science," is no deterrent to rigid, faith-based GOP ideology.

Beyond profit, there is another reason that motivates DeVos and her Bible-thumping crew: subsidizing charter religious schools, where there will be no disturbing monkey business about biological evolution or the science behind climate change. So while other nations, especially those in Asia, are kicking our ass in science and math education, DeVos wants to divert money to schools that teach Adam and Eve were really dinosaur equestrians, galloping around the Garden of Eden on a fucking brontosaurus. Hell, we might as well pickle our kids' brains and serve them to the Koreans as kimchi!

Now this woman is poised to be secretary of education, with her boss promising $20 billion to kick-start her most radical ideas nationwide. John Austin, former president of the State Board of Education in Michigan, summed it up well: "It's like putting the fox in charge of the henhouse and hand-feeding it schoolchildren. DeVos's agenda is to break the public education system, not educate kids, and replace it with a for-profit model."

People like the DeVoses and the Koch brothers have lived so long in their ivory towers that they have no clue and no empathy for how hard life has become for working people. Betsy actually attributed Michigan's economic troubles to "high wages," ignoring the facts that while productivity of American workers has risen over the past 30 years, wages have not kept up—the top 1% has raked it all in—and the federal minimum wage, adjusted for inflation, has steadily lost buying power ever since 1968.

The truth is, fat felines like Betsy DeVos don't give a shit about the declining fortunes of the middle class or an education system that is supposed to offer equality of opportunity for all of our citizens, however limited their means. The rich fuckers are waging class warfare: They don't want their little Thurston Howell III's rubbing shoulders with minorities or suffering competition from poorer but brighter students.

For all the proven harm that she has done in Michigan and for the disaster that she will now try to inflict on the whole nation, Betsy DeVos is without doubt yet another steaming asshole from the GOP blond brigade. H

PHOTO BY ZUMA PRESS INC./ALAMY

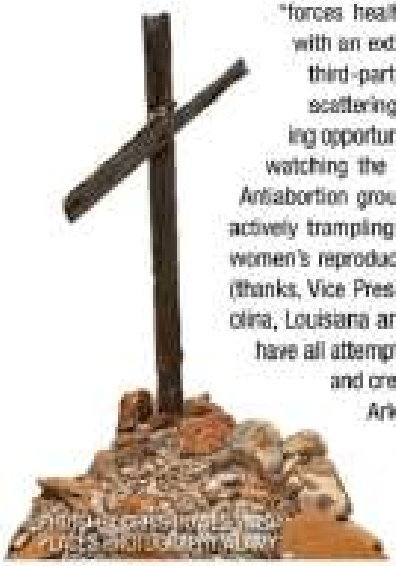
PRINCESS KILLJOY

American's sense of "victory" gets cheaper every day. Take former Gary Hart lap warmer Donna Rice Hughes. The president and CEO of Enough Is Enough (EIE), a nonprofit organization dedicated to making "the internet safer for children and families," is claiming "huge victories." Just what does EIE, at it for over two decades now, have to crow about? They sent a couple of letters nagging McDonald's and Starbucks to add internet filters to their WiFi. Great! Now we can't jerk it to porn while waiting for our venti crappoccinos. What else? She created a petition urging Disney to go after Disney-themed hardcore porn sites to "protect your Disney princesses and our children now." "This is a serious issue," insists Hughes.

Our search for "Disney princess porn," inspired only by Hughes' hysteria, turned up pretty meager results. If EIE wants to go after someone ruining our kids online, start by nailing DanTDM or CaptainSparklez. In the meantime, Donna, Barbara Walters still wants to know whether or not you fucked Gary aboard the *Monkey Business*.

GRIM BUSINESS

Yee-haw! If you're in the funeral business, keep your eyes peeled on a lawsuit under review in the Lone Star State. Last year Texas health officials adopted a draconian statute requiring that "fetal remains" be disposed of by cremation or burial. Abortion providers say the law would force clinics to do business with funeral homes, effectively doubling the cost of the procedure. A federal judge temporarily blocked the rule pending a hearing on a legal action brought by Whole Woman's Health, a group of abortion clinics with locations in Texas. Among other things, the suit claims that the requirement imposes "a funeral ritual on women" and "forces healthcare providers to work with an extremely limited number of third-party vendors for burial or scattering ashes." Morticians seeking opportunity won't be the only ones watching the hearing outcome closely. Antiabortion groups across the nation are actively trampling legislative dirt down on women's reproductive choice. Ohio, Indiana (thanks, Vice President Pence!), South Carolina, Louisiana and Mississippi legislatures have all attempted enacting similar burial and cremation requirements, and Arkansas and Georgia have similar statutes in place. Government mandated death rituals: It truly is mourning in America.



STRIP CLUB RULES

According to *Page Six*, senior Trump campaign staff advisers Jason Miller and A.J. Delgado invited media from several networks to hang out at the Sapphire Las Vegas strip club the night before the final Presidential debate. No big deal! Trump won the election, and Miller was offered and accepted a White House communications director position. But then Delgado got pissy and sent out a few cryptic tweets before closing her Twitter account ("When people need to resign graciously and refuse to, it's a bit… spooky"). Shortly thereafter, Miller publicly declined the position, explaining that he needed to spend time with his family. Some speculated that Delgado and the very married Miller had been enjoying an affair during the campaign. If that's true, then a word to the wise: Taking your girlfriend to a strip club might seem like a good idea, except when it isn't.

"If you want a picture of the future, imagine a boot stamping on a human face—forever."—GEORGE ORWELL, AUTHOR

TRICKLE-DOWN POLITICS

According to an intelligence report released by *BuzzFeed*, the Russian government "has been cultivating, supporting and assisting Trump for at least five years," and Trump and "his inner circle have accepted a regular flow of intelligence from the Kremlin, including on his Democratic and other political rivals."

That's not the only flow Trump is said to have accepted. The Kremlin allegedly arranged and monitored Trump's activities while in Moscow, which included "employing a number of prostitutes to perform a 'golden showers' (urination) show in front of him." The deed is supposed to have taken place in the Ritz Carlton Hotel's presidential suite, because, according to the report, Trump knew that President and Mrs. Obama had stayed there during one of their official trips, so he wanted to defile their bed because he, like, totally hates them. (Hey, Donald—wouldn't it have made more sense to defile the bed *before*, and not after? That's like sticking someone's discarded toothbrush up your own ass and then brushing your teeth with it.) The report explains that the FSB, the Kremlin's leading spy agency, was under Putin's direction to "exploit Trump's personal obsessions and sexual perversion in order to obtain suitable 'kompromat' on him." *Kompromat* sounds like a place to bring your piss-soaked sheets, but is Russian for "compromising shit that can be used for blackmail." Trump denied the allegations in a press conference, calling the report "nonsense" in language suggesting that he's well-versed in the stuff: "I want to thank a lot of the news organizations here today because they looked at that nonsense that was released by maybe the intelligence agencies—who knows but maybe the intelligence agencies, which would be a tremendous blot on their record if they in fact did that, a tremendous blot. Because a thing like that should have never been written—it should never have been had, and it should certainly have never been released. But I want to thank a lot of the news organizations for—some of whom have not treated me very well over the years." Huh? Golden showers are no big deal, but being so stupid that you don't realize the Kremlin is monitoring you? That's dumb enough to make us think you did it.

NEWSBITES

HEAVY PETTING

Now that Ohio has gone and outlawed bestiality, Kentucky has the distinction of being one of nine states where sex with animals is not a crime. Republican lawmaker Dee Robinson drafted legislation to close that loophole, but when one fuckhole closes, another one opens. Robinson's House Bill 143 bans sex with a pet dog or cat, but doesn't criminalize sex with other animals. "We didn't want to irritate the Kentucky Farm Bureau," explained Robinson. Apparently, cows don't inseminate themselves.

RADICAL SURGERY

Shiloh Heavenly Quine was the first U.S. inmate to receive state-financed sex-reassignment surgery. The 57-year-old convicted killer is serving a life sentence with no possibility of parole for a first-degree-murder, kidnapping and robbery-for-ransom conviction. Quine's case led federal authorities to require that transgender inmates housed in men's prisons in California receive gender-appropriate items like nightgowns and necklaces, and sets a precedent that will allow other transgender inmates to apply for state-financed sex-reassignment surgery. Ms. Quine's surgery was performed at a hospital in San Francisco, and afterward she was moved to a women's prison.

BONER BONE

A "mammoth penis" was found in England by a fossil hunter who says it likely belonged to an Ice Age mammoth who walked earth around 700,000 years ago. The dick-looking object is the subject of raging debate between those who think that, yes, it's a fossilized phallus, and killjoys who say it's just a really old piece of mud or shit that happens to look like a penis. If the fossil really is a dick, the Pleistocene pachyderm may have died of size anxiety—the less than elephantine wiener measures under two inches.

"You should laugh everywhere you can find even the slightest glimmer of humor."—DOUG STANHOPE, COMEDIAN

PLANET PORN

University students in search of a thesis, rejoice! For the third year Pornhub has gazed deeply into its navel and released analytics that shed XXX light on 2016. To wit:

- Collectively, just on Pornhub, humans around the planet spent 4,599,000,000 hours—or 5,246 centuries—watching porn. Oh, the humanity!
- Pornhub clocked 23 billion visits for the year, during which 91,980,225,000 videos were viewed—that's 12.5 videos for each person on the planet.
- Guess which country had the highest per capita page views? Yep, it's us. Guess who totally came in second. Iceland! Huh.
- Apparently there's plenty of work for therapists in the U.S. For the first time *stepmom* beat out *lesbian* for top search term, with *stepsister* and *MILF* running a close third and fourth. (People may or may not have elected a mom to be President, but they sure fantasize about screwing her.)
- The South really does like it slow—denizens of Mississipi, Alabama and Arkansas averaged the longest Pornhub visits, almost 11 minutes. (Folks in Oregon and Utah get off a little faster in comparison to the rest of the country, logging on and, presumably, reaching climax in around nine and half minutes.)
- HUSTLER Honeys Riley Reid, Sunny Leone, Asa Akira, Mia Malkova and Dani Daniels made Pornhub's top 20 "Most Searched for Pornstars."
- Thank you, Jesus: "Celebrity sex tape" moved from 12th to 19th in popularity (though if the Son of God returned and couldn't find another way to get media attention, we'd be cool with him making one).

For more on porn viewing habits, including a breakdown of traffic patterns by age, device and during major sporting events, go to www.pornhub.com/insights/2016-year-in-review.

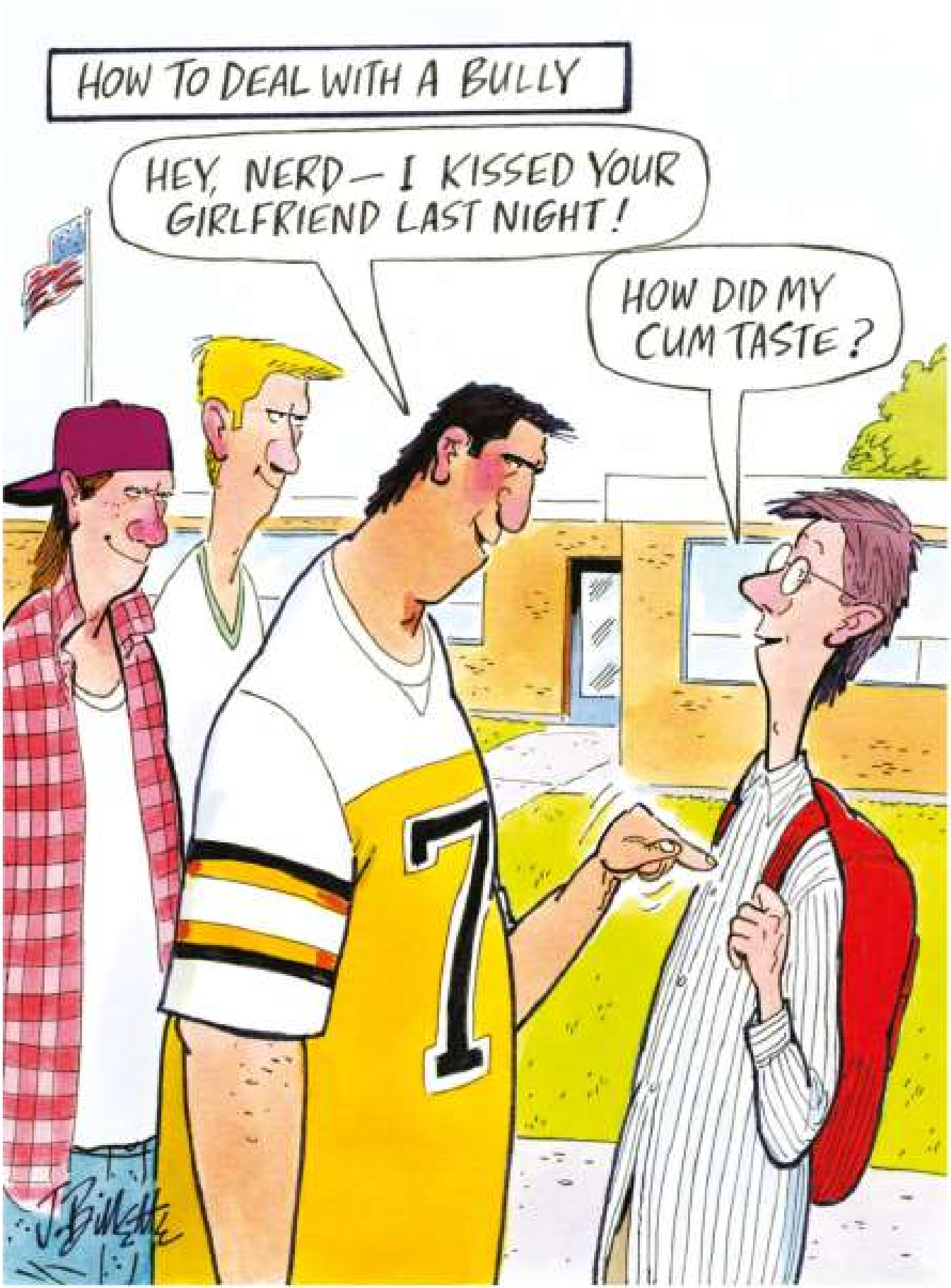
DANI DANIELS

SUNNY LEONE

MIA MALKOVA & RILEY REID

ASA AKIRA

"I was a trip kid. When I saw Bambi, it was the midnight show."—GEORGE CARLIN, COMEDIAN


HOW TO DEAL WITH A BULLY
HEY, NERD— I KISSED YOUR GIRLFRIEND LAST NIGHT!
HOW DID MY CUM TASTE?
7

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MALENA MORGAN
& NINA JAMES
SIMPLE LIFE
PHOTOGRAPHY BY
MATT KLATT

I'm a pretty normal person. I wake up and feed my kitties. Shower. Smoke weed. Red Bull and banana nut muffin for breakfast. Smoke more weed. Sit out on my patio to get sun. Drive to work. Smoke more weed. Go home. Feed the kitties. Eat. Sleep.

"I'm pretty easy to win over. Just be yourself. Come up and say, 'Hi, my name is . . .' Talk to me the same way you would to anyone. Only difference is, I'm kind of a camera whore. The closer the lens gets, the hornier I get." —Malena

My life is stressful, so I find ways to relax. I love pink flowers, chocolate, riding horses, going to the beach. I'm a huge hookah smoker. I'm learning Arabic—it's such a beautiful language. And, of course, fucking. I love having my pussy sucked. I always pay attention to how a woman touches and licks me because I figure that's how she wants him to do her. Men could learn something by watching how we go about it.

NINA'S VITAL FACTS

Stockton, California | 25 | 5-10

320-28-36 | 69

MALENA'S VITAL FACTS
Bradenton, Florida
28
5'8
34C-24-34
Missionary
@MalenaMorgan

CHAS RAY
KRIDER
SEX
NOIR

REVEL IN HIS PHOTOS. EVERY IMAGE TELLS A STORY. THE VIEWER HIDES IN THE SHADOWS, PRIVY TO ALL THAT GOES ON BEHIND CLOSED DOORS. LEGENDARY FETISH PHOTOGRAPHER AND SENSUAL SURREALIST CHAS RAY KRIDER RELIES ON HIS LENS TO CAPTURE ULTRA-PRIVATE SCENES OF MYSTERY AND PERVERSION. HIS PUBLISHED WORKS INCLUDE THREE SOLO BOOKS, *MOTEL FETISH*, *DO NOT DISTURB* AND *DIRTY RENDEZVOUS*, AS WELL COUNTLESS LAYOUTS IN OUR WILDER, KINKIER SISTER MAGAZINE, *TABOO*. SIT DOWN WITH THE ARTIST WHO'S BEEN TURNING US ON FOR OVER THREE DECADES.

INTERVIEW BY ANNA DUNBAR
PHOTOGRAPHY BY CHAS RAY KRIDER

HUSTLER: How did you start in photography?

CHAS RAY KRIDER: I got serious about art and photography a few years out of college, about 1976. I began as a street photographer, roaming the streets with a Leica, sort of my *On the Road* period, going east, south and west, taking photos along the way. I wasn't interested in street life documentation per se, but rather a search for the unusual, odd juxtapositions and what I refer to as "the surreal in everyday life." It was while shooting out on the street that sexual elements began to appear in my photos. I seemed to gravitate toward sexual motifs, like a store window displaying assorted lingerie. I think this fascination with panties and girdles in shop windows was the beginning of fetish seeping into my work. I recall, I was once in a department store, Leica in hand, photographing panty-dressed mannequins, when the store manager came and threw me out, saying, "You can't do that in here, buddy." The pervert was caught in the act. In terms of evolution, major change happened when I came in from the street and began shooting full-time in a studio space. The studio changed everything—the subject, the lighting, staging, use of props, the whole approach. The work became more conceptual and more sexual.

What is it about the fetish genre that excites you and informs your work?

It's the women... the undressing, the dressing and the undressing. When I began consciously working with the idea of fetish, I dressed the model in full regalia—that is, stockings, garter, girdles, bras, the works. Then over time I stopped fully dressing the models either because I had become lazy and or I had come to find my own sense of what fetish is to me personally. I began to use less clothing. I found less clothing drew more attention to what clothing the woman did wear. Such as nothing other than simple black heels and black bra. Works for me.

I try to stay way from the stereotypical fetish gear—platform heels or anything too shiny. I like the idea of fetishizing one's own everyday life. Instead of going down to the corner fetish store and buying something off the rack, I ask what's already in the closet that can be used as is or reinvented in a more fetishistic way. For example, I have a couple of old plastic raincoats in which I have tightly wrapped and packaged models. I find this "ready-made" more interesting than a vinyl "fetish" garment off the rack. I do a lot of thrifting. I'll pick up, say, a contemporary bra-slip combo. >>

When I get back to the studio, I cut away the bra cups, exposing the body in a way the original garment did not intend. I make it more fetish. There are times when I will take a similar item and have the model put it on backwards. The straps and the line hit the body in new and unexpected ways. If I find a sheer dress with an opaque liner, I will cut out the liner. This reconfiguring of found items is my surrealist method of subverting the original intent of an object for a new and strange encounter. It's been said, if you can't be original, at least be inventive.

I've long admired your layouts in our sister publication, *Taboo*. Tell us a little about how that relationship started.

All the credit goes to Art Director Cynthia Patterson. Cynthia is from Columbus. We ran with the same crowd and hung out at the same new wave/punk club in the early '80s. She moved to L.A., eventually going to work for Larry Flynt Publications. By the mid-'90s I had begun a body of work that would become my first book, *Motel Fetish*. Cynthia ran a feature on the series in *Taboo*, and that feature put my work on the map. I began getting calls from magazines and publishers. Eric Kroll saw the work and felt it would make a good Taschen book, which eventually happened in 2002. Cynthia suggested I come to L.A. to do a few sessions for *Taboo*. It was a great experience and has influenced my approach to all work since. I might add, Dita was one of the models booked on that first trip out. Her photo made the *Taboo* cover.

How much of the narrative in your images is planned, how much created on set and how much in editing?

The whole of *Motel Fetish* was constructed to suggest a cinematic narrative. The narrative is this: A man is looking for something missing in his life. He begins looking for it in motel rooms with different women. Over time he begins to slip into a world he didn't know existed in his subconscious. It can be seen as stills lifted from a film. In my second book, *Do Not Disturb*, I tried to keep the narrative form going. By the third book in the trilogy, *Dirty Rendezvous*, the story had broken down; the movie in my head was over. I had to let it go.

This is how I work a photo. I'm always concerned with the background first. Once I'm satisfied with the set —i.e., that the motel room makes a good image by itself—the model and I are free to explore, act out any idea that comes to us. At the start of a session I generally have no specific idea or direction, though I will preselect a number of pieces of lingerie I wish to have the model wear. Once I've dressed the model, I do not change the wardrobe during the session. This is because I don't know where the session is going; the narrative is not defined. We are just making images as they come until a clear idea presents itself. Then we follow the idea. By shooting within the defined set and not changing the model's wardrobe, it allows for continuity to be built into the total sum of the photos made. When it comes to sequencing, I can arrange the photos in an order that best suggests a narrative. In a typical session a model starts out relatively clothed; then by the end she is stripped down. These two points make for an opening and ending. In between anything goes.

What prompted you to choose the motel setting?
Much of 20th-century American myth is about the open road. A motel is an archetypal place in the American consciousness. Everyone has been in a motel room—the locale is familiar, which lends itself to a good setting for storytelling. The story needs no setup. Things happen in motels. What goes on behind closed doors? Mystery is built in. With *Motel Fetish* I used the motif as a means to allow the viewer to suspend disbelief. The images within could have actually happened. Maybe at this time I should confess, the majority of motel rooms seen in my photographs are sets I construct in studio.

In "Modern Portraits of Perversion" in the September/October 2015 *Taboo*, the models change from page to page, but the same chair shows up in almost every image.
That series of photographs was intentionally the antithesis of *Motel Fetish*. Meaning, the *Motel* work is conceptually a narrative set in an interior space, with carpet, furniture, lamplight, etc. The "Portrait" series is minimal and stripped down—no more interior room decor. The parameters for the series were the use of the same chair within the same defined space. As the series progressed, and as new subjects were photographed, the space's walls and floor were repainted different >>

"IN A TYPICAL SESSION A MODEL STARTS OUT RELATIVELY CLOTHED; THEN BY THE END SHE IS STRIPPED DOWN. THESE TWO POINTS MAKE FOR AN OPENING AND ENDING. IN BETWEEN ANYTHING GOES."

colors so that over time the color palette would shift, adding variation. The same chair appearing in each photo gives the series an element of continuity. It's the hook the series hangs on.

Whether it be images involving ropes, spanking, rouged nipples, servitude, I feel like your models are inviting the viewer to participate. Do you look through the lens as a voyeur/spectator or as a participant in the scene?
A model once asked me during a session what was I looking for in the photograph? I told her, "I don't know what it looks like, but I know what it feels like." When looking through the viewfinder, I am neither voyeur nor spectator. I'm concerned with the composition and lighting. As for the feeling of viewer participation? Sometimes consciously and probably always subconsciously I want to be a participant in the scene before the camera. The whole setup and scenario are designed to express a feeling of desire—I know what it feels like, and I try to communicate it.

Are there areas of sexual imagery you haven't explored yet but would like to?
There are infinite visual variations within sexually imagery. Shifting the context in which the body is found is what interests me. Having photographically touched on many of the classic fetishes over time, I have come to know my personal stylistic and fetish preferences. I'm content to keep working within my chosen preferences.

You make us believe that your models are accessible. Do you work with both amateur and professional models? And is it easier to create that feeling of accessibility with one or the other?
I consciously set up my photos in such a way that there is a feeling of "other" just outside of the image frame. Ever notice how there are often two cocktail glasses seen within the frame? It's a device to suggest the woman is not alone. Perhaps this intentional setup gives the viewer a sense the model is available, that the viewer is the other.

I work with both non-models and professionals. With both I try not to let the model overpose; I'm looking for their natural body language. For example, I will suggest an idea and pose, but when the model assumes it, I tell them to now make that pose their "own." I want my pose, but with her body language.

The eye is drawn to the shadows in your art, the mesmerizing play of light and dark. How do you attain this drama?
There is mystery in shadows. I used strobe lighting for years. When I got into the motel work, I switched over to continuous light, no flash, to give a sense of believability to the image. The lamp seen in the frame serves as the main light, with a couple of supplemental side lights. This scenario gives me pretty good control over shadow and highlight. My lighting is very low-tech, rather amateur really. With the lighting I use, I also get good contour of the shape of the body.

I've heard the term *sex noir* coined when referring to your work. What does that mean to you?
Well, in classic film noir there is great use of shadow. My lighting is borrowed from that tradition. Not only the light but the psychology of film noir too, the feeling of anxiety, an undertow of danger. I'm not attempting to recreate a film noir image; I'm merely borrowing the method to create a feeling. Since my images are sexual, the term *sex noir* seems appropriate. It's descriptive in a way the word *erotic* is not. For me, sex noir also implies that the images are decidedly not romantic. Film noir and surrealism are past art movements, but as actual states of mind and points of view, they're still present.

"SOMETIMES CONSCIOUSLY AND PROBABLY ALWAYS SUBCONSCIOUSLY I WANT TO BE A PARTICIPANT IN THE SCENE BEFORE THE CAMERA. THE WHOLE SETUP AND SCENARIO ARE DESIGNED TO EXPRESS A FEELING OF DESIRE—I KNOW WHAT IT FEELS LIKE, AND I TRY TO COMMUNICATE IT."

Digital or film? Do you have a preference?
I have no preference. It's the image that counts, not how one gets there. By mid-2000 all professional labs in my area had gone under. Film, a color print in particular, has a depth that digital prints do not. I'm not a scientist, but I think color prints have that depth because we are looking into three layers of emulsion. The depth is an actuality. While film may have its own beauty, the control of the digital file for adjusting and bringing out the nuance of a photograph is far greater.

In addition to your books, I was intrigued to read that you supply cover images for erotic paperback novels. Do you read the novels?
I've been supplying a French publisher, La Musardine in Paris, >>

with cover art for their pulp erotic novels for many years. It all goes back to the first *Taboo* issue that featured early *Motel Fetish* work. The publisher saw the work. They were looking to give their books a signature look; my work fit the bill. The publisher keeps a library of my images from which they select what they think is the right image for a cover. I've done over 100 covers. The novels are written in French, which I cannot read. The publisher sends me two copies when a book is printed. I keep one and give the other to the model. La Musardine did my second book, *Do Not Disturb*. My running joke is, "I'm big in France, me and Jerry Lewis. The French love a clown."

What direction do you see your work taking in the future?
In the '80s my immediate group of artist friends and I were serious about surrealism. I don't claim to be a surrealist, but I do bring that sensibility to my photography. In addition to straight photography, I have long worked with collage, referencing the surrealist tradition. As for the future, I see all the photographs I have made and will make as raw material to be cut up and recontextualized.

When working in collage, I always try to incorporate at least one of my own photos along with found and appropriated elements. For the immediate future I have a number of avenues I'm exploring. I'm interested in mixing text with image. Since every picture tells a story, and I have many pictures, I'm writing down some of these stories as fiction. I like the idea of an annotated *Motel Fetish*—what was said and what went on behind the scene. Also, I have a few layouts in the form of a graphic novel. For these graphic-novel pages the models have been invited to write the text. Having the model contribute the text gives another voice and perspective to a set of photos.

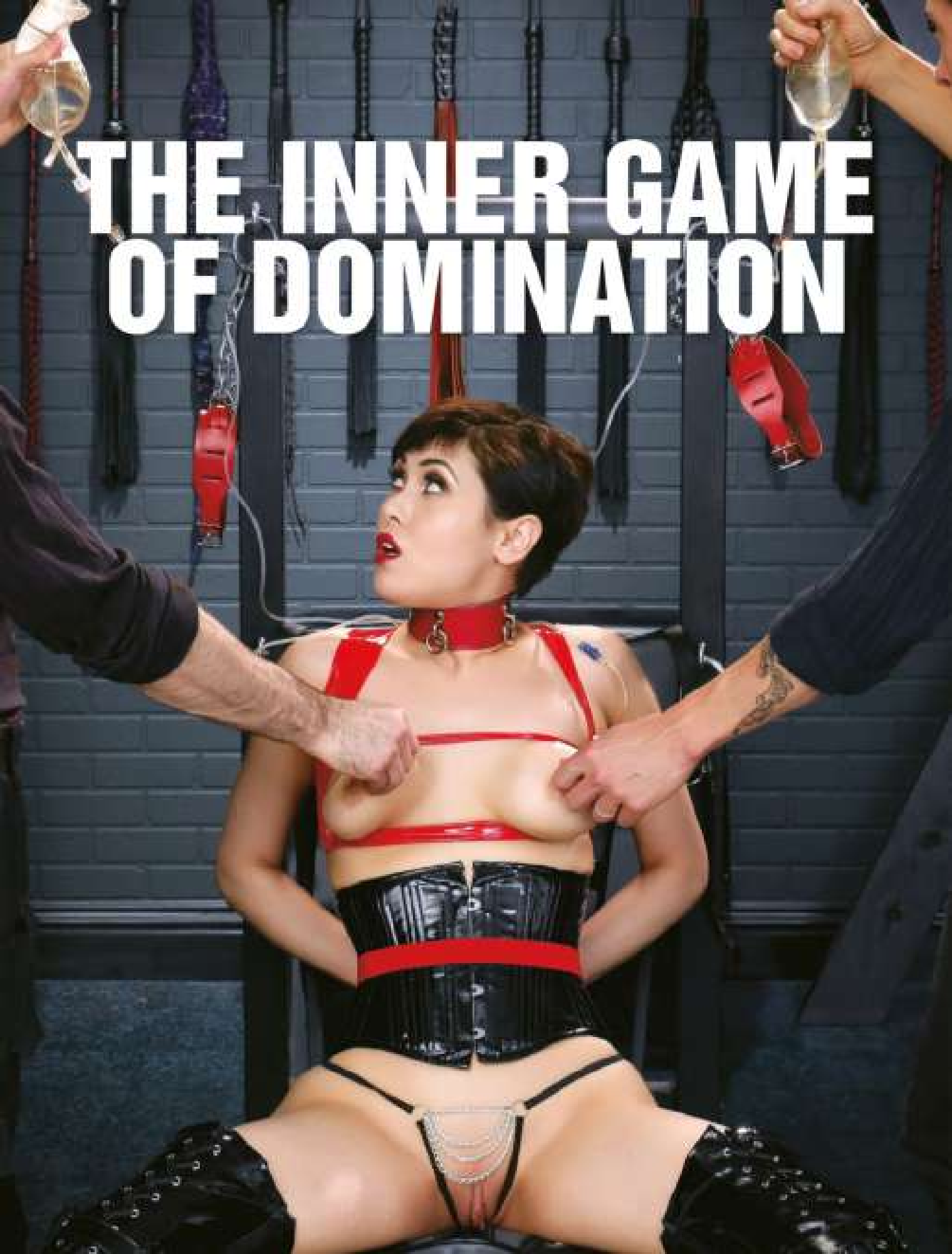
Sexual imagery is everywhere these days, on the internet and social media; yet print is somehow more sensual, tactile and still held in high esteem by models whose images are everywhere online. Can you speak to the difference between print and the internet with regard to sexual images?
The thing I like about print, magazines and books, is you can spend time with one image. The internet is usually surfing and scrolling through countless photos, spending a few seconds per image. Print is a more intimate experience than the web. The printed page allows for contemplation in a way the internet cannot. It has longevity and can endure over time. An image on the internet fades within the first few hours of posting. I used to feel we were swimming in a sea of images. Now, with the advent of a camera phone in every pocket and social media, that sea has become a tsunami. One can can surf the wave or go under.

The Chas Ray Krider Collection: books, limited edition prints and collectibles can be found at ***ChasRayKrider.com****. To order* Taboo *Magazine, call 800-566-5760 or go to* ***TabooSub.com****.*

AJ
APPLEGATE
APPLE BOTTOM
PHOTOGRAPHY BY
LARRY FLYNT PRODUCTIONS

I've had a big butt since I was little, but it wasn't till I hit high school that guys —and girls—started noticing me. Everyone was like, 'Oh, my God, she has such a nice ass!'

"I like to get personal with everyone I work with. It helps make a scene good. I've always been outgoing and have no problem initiating conversation. The one thing people notice about me besides my ass is that I'm always smiling, giggling, having a good time. Isn't that how it should be? Everyone is like, 'It's work.' Yeah, but it's *fun*. We get to fuck! I actually love sex, and I'm there to have sex. The money is a plus."


THE INNER GAME
OF DOMINATION

THERE'S MORE TO MASTER MOJO THAN FLASHY MOVES, PROPER PROTOCOL AND POLITICALLY CORRECT POSTURING. HERE'S HOW TO BRING YOUR A-GAME TO THE DUNGEON.

BY ERNEST GREENE

There may not be one true way to be an effective and desirable dominant partner to an intelligent submissive woman with fantasies and designs of her own, but there are a lot of false ones. I know because I've seen them in action and swept up the broken glass afterward.

I'm just going to start from my own experience and the ideas it's produced and extrapolate from there. If you don't like it, send me a letter (c/o HUSTLER@lfp.com).

In those first moments with a prospect, the most important question in my mind is: "Fuck or pass?" Most often I later find that it was the same question in hers. I know there are those who insist their BDSM isn't about sex. It's about: a) spiritual growth; b) rebalancing gender roles as the Almighty intended; c) helping to overcome the pain of early trauma by exorcising it through direct confrontation. I'll stick to volcanic kink-sex as a motivation, thank you very much, and I won't hesitate to recommend that others at least give that motivation a try.

So, granting that my potential playmate is after the same thing I am, namely an orgasm that shows on the Richter scale at Caltech, how do we get down to that? I've found the best way to go about it is to ask directly. Ask what she's tried, what she likes and what she doesn't like. Ask what she thinks she might like if she did try it. In this context it's not rude to pry into another's fantasy life; it's rude to fail to do so.

It's not all about you. What you want matters. So does what she wants. If there's too great a disparity between those wants, the whole prospect of proceeding is fraught and probably best abandoned now. If you're into "pushing limits" and "getting her to like what you want her to," you need the kind of partner who is into limit-pushing self-centered guys. They're out there, and they have a right to be who they are, but so do the women who find a dom with a rigid, aggressive agenda applied to all others at all times utterly unappealing.

I'd also advise leaving politics at the door. If you're a gender-essentialist who truly believes that men and women are different species and that one was meant to command the other, you're wrong, and you're halfway to being dangerous.

This is where the latex meets the floor when it comes to consent. Consent isn't just the absence of resistance. Consent isn't just a matter of getting to "yes" by any means necessary. It doesn't mean asking again five minutes later to see if she's changed her mind. It's a deal, an agreement between individuals to seek something both want. Consent is also a verb. Personally, I find an eager and excited partner more fun than one who's putting up with the situation in the faint hope of getting used to it. >>

One of the things that gives dominant men a bad reputation in some circles is believing their own press a bit too literally. We're just one side of the coin.

Her pleasure is your power. A quality partner, as opposed to someone struggling with low self-esteem and believing she deserves no better than whatever she ends up getting, expects to be shown a good time in return for her submission. No, submission is not a gift. That phrase is gag-inducing. Submission is a medium of exchange. She gets down on her knees for you because you've implicitly promised her a good time. It's in your interest to deliver on your half of the bargain.

Thus you want to know what you're doing. Do not be afraid to learn from those with greater experience, including your own submissive playmates. Nobody is born knowing how to provide a quality BDSM experience. That ability is acquired through observation and a willingness to experience new things, often from the receiving end. If you're unwilling or unable to have a new style of whipping or a new kind of bondage or a new electrical widget tried on you before you try it on someone else, you need a new hobby. If you hurt someone through lack of technique, you'll lose that person and your reputation along with her. Submissives talk among themselves, and they often talk about us. That's wise and good for them in terms of avoiding bad encounters and finding good ones, and it's good for us if we're not sources of bad encounters.

Effective domming isn't just about technique, however. I see some very impressive play at clubs and events—elaborate shibari work, flogger Florentines, making a single-tail sing—these are all good things, but they're just tools for use in creating a memorable experience. Maintaining emotional contact while doing these things and pausing to include sensual play will produce better outcomes than dancing around noisily cracking leather in midair and turning to see who's watching. Concentrate on the moment you're sharing with another person, whether in public or in private, because that's what's going to make the music play.

And do please knock off the barking. If you have to woof at someone to get them to do what you want, you're demonstrating the opposite of what you think you are and making others uncomfortable at the same time. Yes, I know some submissives who get off on verbal humiliation, but generally when it's done with a light and humorous touch, not in the form of a dressing down from a drill sergeant. I don't much care for barking fem-doms, and when it comes from a man, it's even more obviously the opposite of sex. BDSM is about mutual enjoyment. As Clint Eastwood said in *Unforgiven*, "Deserve's got nothin' to do with it." You're doing what you're doing because you both get off on it, not because she's been bad and has it coming. If you like to play at punishment as a game, fine. But if you think that you're actually disciplining a masochist for misbehaving in some way, expect to see a lot more of the misbehavior you're subliminally reinforcing.

Affection is not a weakness. The kind of partner who thinks it is hauls too much baggage into the situation for it to end well. If she expects you to be in role every minute: stern, punitive and controlling at all times, exhaustion will soon set in. You too are entitled to off days, when you don't feel like being the lord of the manor, and sometimes you too might feel more like making out than slapping ass. That is your right. Beware the woman who loses respect for you when you exercise it. Obviously, she expected you to be a service top rather than a dominant partner, and while that may work at a party, it's not a life two people can build together.

Which brings us to another problematic issue for many male doms. We also enjoy the right of consent. Just because someone will let you put a cattle prod up her ass or call her names you don't feel comfortable shouting in a bar fight doesn't mean you're obligated to do so. Figure out what your own hard limits are and hold to them. There are things I won't do because they don't turn me on, and that's as valid for me as it would be for the woman who isn't turned on by penetration during a session. She's got a lot of chutzpah assuming I'm nothing more than a whipping machine and that my pleasure is irrelevant to hers. She'd certainly notice if that paradigm were reversed.

I've never regretted refusing to do a certain scene, but I won't deny I've regretted going along to get along. I like girls who are service oriented and eager to please. If they're not, neither am I, and by now I'm quick to say so.

I'm also quick to make it clear that rude behavior in other quarters will not be tolerated just because the sex sizzles. Vanilla people are no more prone to that error than we are, and I've made it plenty of times.

It doesn't matter how quick she is to drink your piss if she's given to angry, drunken episodes when you're not in role. Alas, these things are often found in the same package. Even *Bizarre* publisher John Willie had that problem with his wife Holly, who was the muse for some of his greatest art but an impossible bitch after the third drink. She was known for trying to provoke him into spontaneous acts of violence, which he abhorred, and eventually he left her over it. Don't put up with anything that demeans you as a human being just because the person inflicting it will give you a rimjob later. That's the equivalent of an abusive husband bringing home flowers after inflicting a black eye.

By the same token, it's not fair to insist that someone who is sexually submissive but not a slave observe all kinds of protocol with you when you're not playing. It's extremely challenging to maintain 24/7 relationships and not an option for most people. Don't expect for your word to be law anyplace but in the bedroom unless you've got the master/slave thing really happening, and even then flexibility is a must for sustained intimacy.

I got hooted out of a master/slave online group for daring to suggest that masters as well as slaves had to make concessions for things to work, but my observation has been that even in the most protocol-driven households, mutual adaptations have been required from both parties to keep them together. Compromise is no more a sign of weakness than showing affection. Both reflect an appreciation of the wonderful bond you share and a desire to preserve it.

This doesn't mean you have to smother your basic impulses when you play. It's those basic impulses your partner wants to liberate for her enjoyment. Don't be afraid to be your bad self. BDSM doesn't have to be politically correct. If she likes to pretend resistance and you get off on overcoming it, once the limits are set, go there.

Make yourself as naked and vulnerable as she does. Let her see the side of you that enjoys playing rough. If she didn't sense it was there, she probably wouldn't be with you, and if you keep it bottled up because it makes you feel guilty to pretend in your own mind that she's your prisoner and you can do whatever you want to her, she'll probably get bored and leave. You don't have to act out every evil impulse you have, but being comfortable with those impulses is the quality she's likely to find most attractive in you.

Finally, never forget that the secret of being obeyed is giving the right orders. You have no hold over her but what she chooses to give you, and while she may occasionally enjoy doing things to please you just because they're difficult for her, if you make that the basis of your relationship, the prognosis is limited at best. Figure out what you both like, and then do that thing.

If you both own who you are and what you're into, you've got a shot. Without that, you don't. I'm pretty sure that part's true, no matter what your particular dynamic happens to be. H

DON'T BE AFRAID TO BE YOUR BAD SELF.

BDSM DOESN'T HAVE TO BE POLITICALLY CORRECT.

"Marriage has agreed with me over the years... all six times."

LUDELLA
HAHN
VOLUPTUOUS
PHOTOGRAPHY BY
SCOTT CHURCH

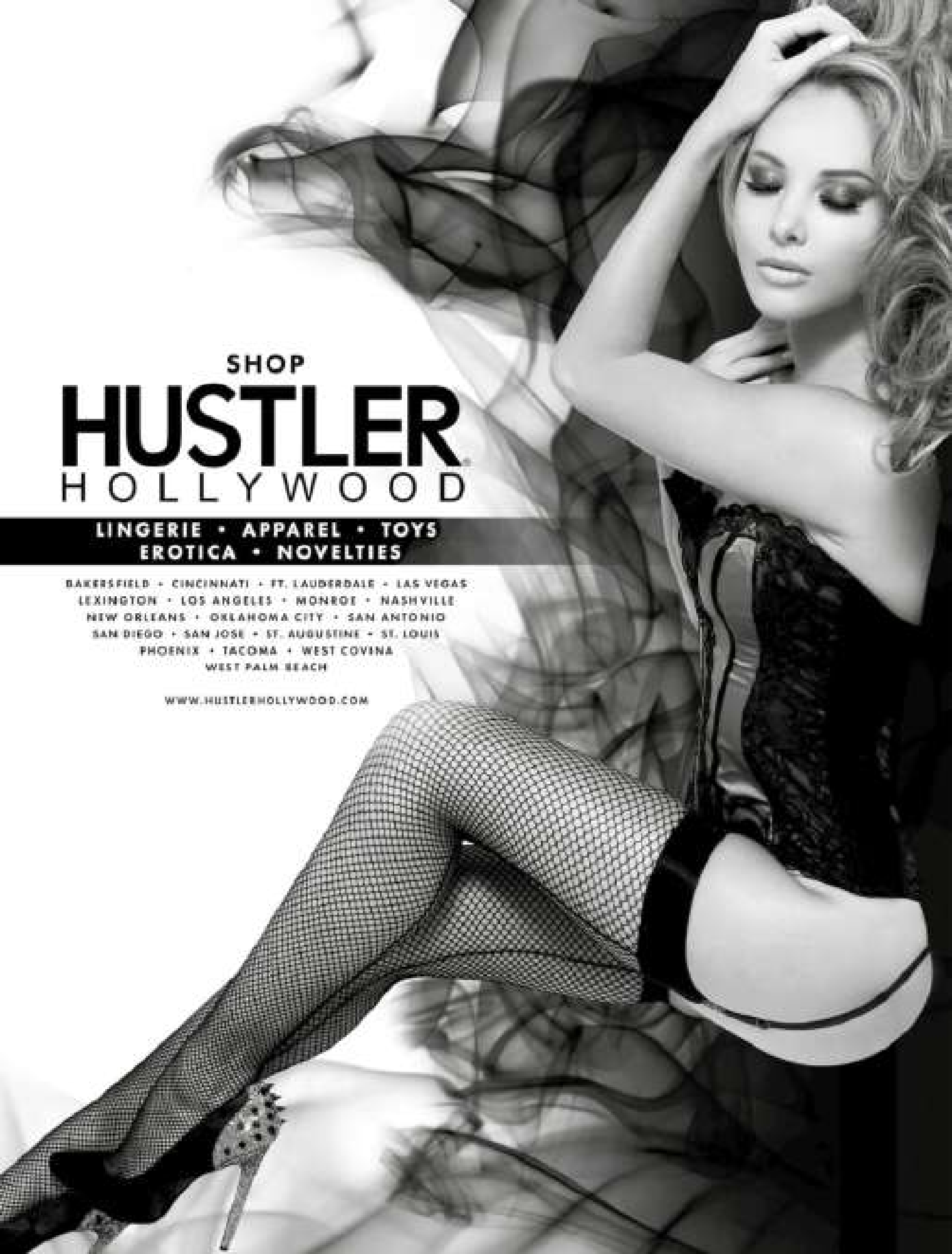
I never thought I could model because I'm only 5-2 and have a voluptuous derriere, but when I saw the deliciously curvy Jami Deadly making it, I realized that I could too. Seeing someone who was not the typical tall, thin fashion model creating gorgeous images opened my eyes to opportunities: I'm able to dress up, portray various emotions and tell stories. It's a game of make-believe. One of my favorite quotes is from Ralph Waldo Emerson: 'All life is an experiment. The more experiments you make the better.' That's a good way to think."

Top five things on my bucket list:
1. Walk the streets of Rome (toga optional).
2. Visit the Louvre and gaze into the eyes of the *Mona Lisa*.
3. Go to Burning Man.
4. Work as a magician's assistant.
5. Play a dead body on *CSI*.

3 FT 6

LUDELLA'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **Portland, Maine** | AGE: **30** | HEIGHT: **5-3**
MEASUREMENTS: **37DD-26-40** | FAVORITE POSITION: **Doggy** | TWITTER: **@LudellaHahn**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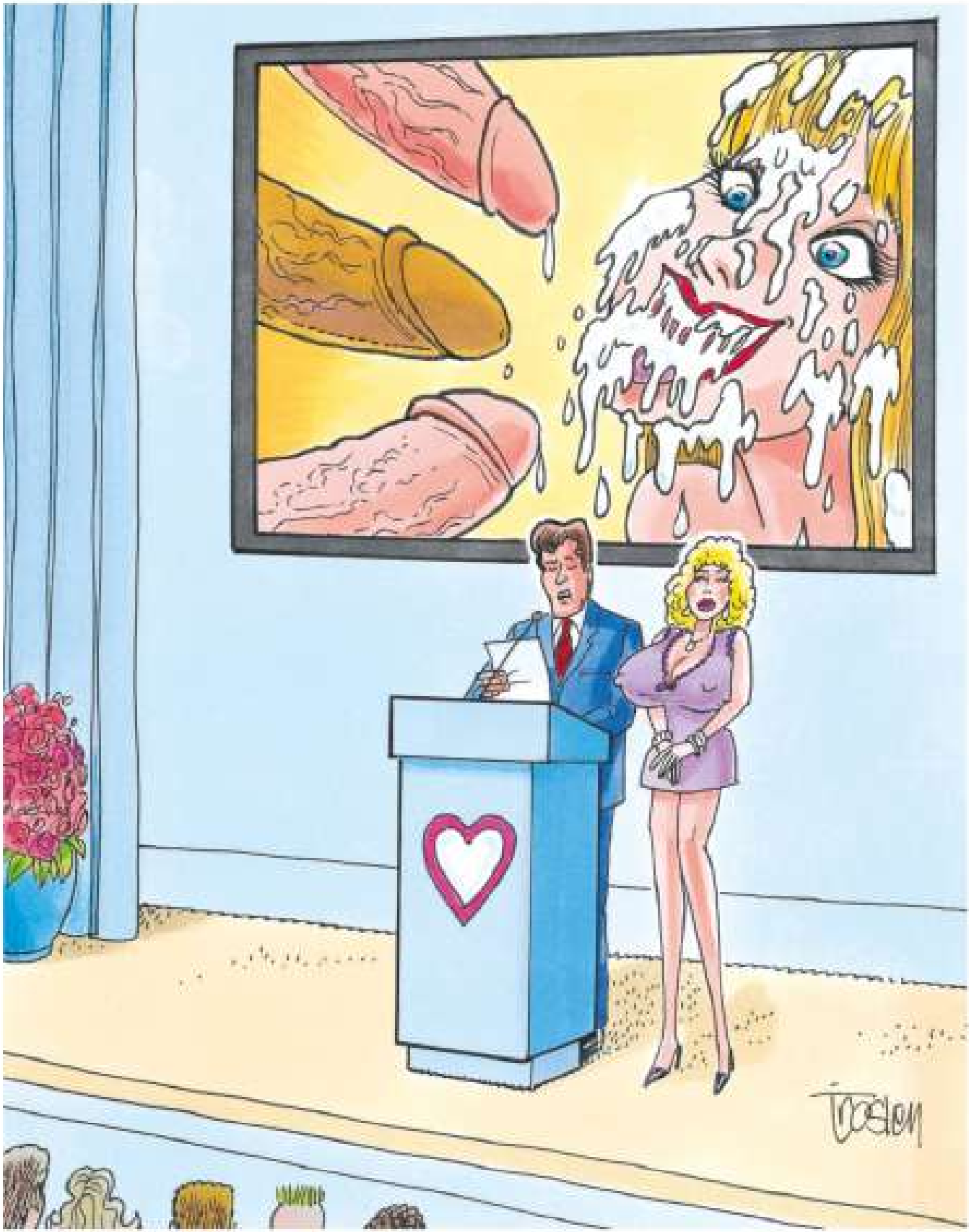

"Ladies and gentlemen, we have just been informed that the Russians have hacked and possibly influenced the American Porn Association's selection of best cum-shot: Sandy Squirt in *Cock Cream Sundae*..."

NATALIA
STARR
ARE YOU WORTHY?
PHOTOGRAPHY BY
LEE FORBES

Before porn, I didn't know how my body worked. Yes, I masturbated, but I didn't know how to come with others. I've learned so much. I can see someone across a room now, someone I don't even know, and feel that desire to have them. It's important to fulfill your sexual needs.

"I love being on top. It puts me in charge and lets me ride a man just the way I like. I still love touching myself, and I do a lot of solo work. When I decide to look for a partner, I need someone strong, secure and confident, who can accept my line of work. Using my body to entertain people rocks my world."

NATALIA'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **Ostrów Mazowiecka, Poland**
AGE: **23** | HEIGHT: **5-8** | MEASUREMENTS: **34D-26-34**
FAVORITE POSITION: **Cowgirl** | TWITTER: **@TheNataliaStarr**

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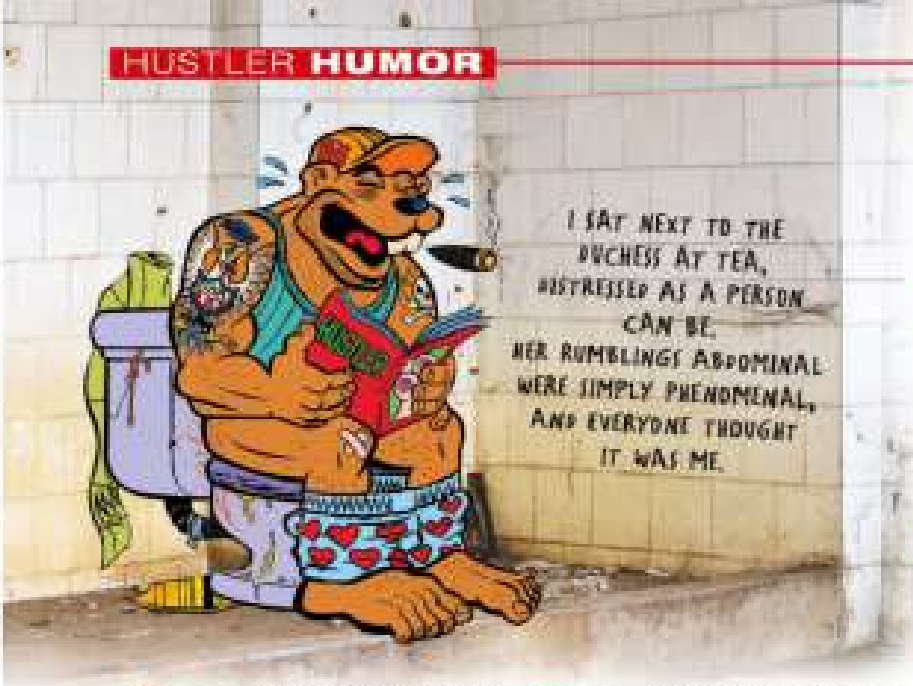

I SAT NEXT TO THE DUCHESS AT TEA, DISTRESSED AS A PERSON CAN BE. HER RUMBLINGS ABDOMINAL WERE SIMPLY PHENOMENAL, AND EVERYONE THOUGHT IT WAS ME.

One day at the mortuary, an embalmer told his supervisor, "Problem with the new arrival. A jumbo shrimp's sticking out of her pussy."

"That's impossible. Show me."

The embalmer went to the draining table and flipped back the sheet. "See?"

His boss took a closer look. "You idiot, that's not a jumbo shrimp. That's her clit."

"Hmm," said the embalmer. "It sure tasted like shrimp."

Question: What's the difference between kinky and perverted?

Answer: Kinky you use a feather. Perverted you use the whole chicken.

A woman went to the doctor and said, "I'm really worried. Every time I go past a mirror, I feel sick to my stomach. What's wrong with me?"

The doctor examined the woman and replied, "I'm not sure, but your eyesight seems to be just fine."

Big Chuck was walking his 100-pound Rottweiler when he decided to stop at the local tavern. He tied his dog to a parking meter and headed inside. Minutes later a woman ran into the bar screaming, "Whose dog is outside?"

Chuck stood and said, "Mine."

"You'd better get out there! My Chihuahua is killing him!"

"You're nuts, lady," laughed Chuck. "How the fuck could a little Chihuahua kill my Rottweiler?"

"It's stuck in his throat!"

Two Los Angeles cops, Paula and Frank, were on foot, in pursuit of a robbery suspect, when they got separated. Paula finally caught up with her partner just in time to see him poking a stick down a sewage drain.

"What are you doing?" she asked.

"I dropped my jacket down the hole," explained Frank. "It's my lucky jacket."

"Are you insane?" she shrieked, shaking her head in disbelief. "You're not actually going to wear that now, are you?"

"Of course not," he assured her. "But there's a perfectly good donut in one of the pockets."

A man woke up in the hospital after a harrowing operation. Full of dread, he asked the nurse, "Did things go okay?"

"They saved your testicles."

The man let out a sigh of relief. Then the nurse handed him a plastic cup. "They're here if you'd like to see them."

After a wild office party Bill woke up with a terrible hangover. He rolled over and groaned to his wife, "What happened last night?"

"You made an ass of yourself," she said. "You even told your boss what you really think of him."

"Well, piss on him," Bill shrugged.

"You did," said the wife. "That's when he fired you."

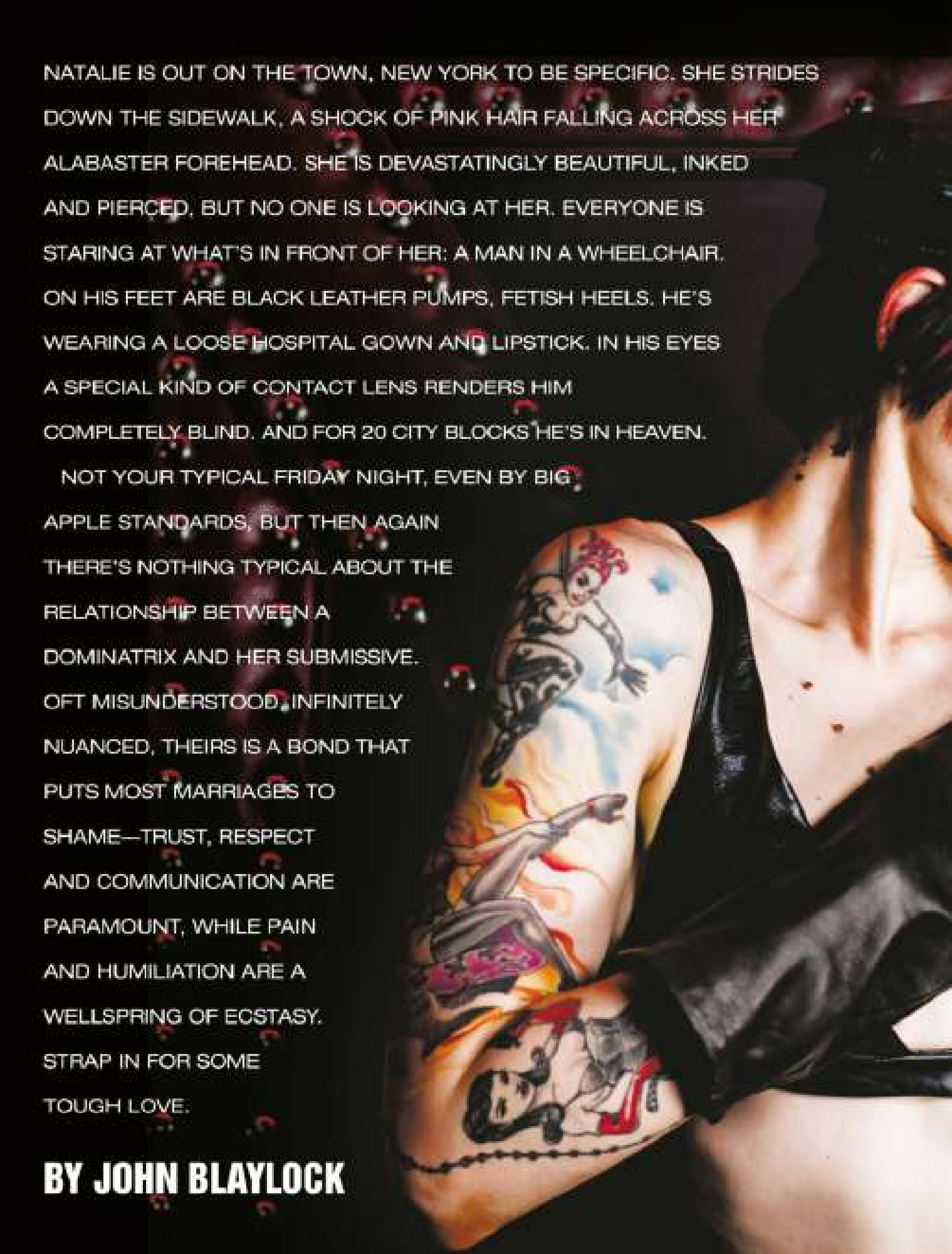
"Fuck him then."

"I did. You go back to work Monday."

HUSTLER Humor jokes are provided by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, why not send it our way? Submit your witty stuff to HUSTLER Joke Page, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or by email to HUSTLERHUMOR@com. If we print it, we'll send you 25 bucks!

"My team was able to successfully remove the massive dildo from your girlfriend's colon. I hope in the future you lesbos will be more careful with your toys!"

HEY, BARTENDER! WHERE CAN A MAN GO IN THIS TOWN TO GET A GOOD BLOWJOB REAL CHEAP?
YOU CAN GO OUT BACK IN THE ALLEY AND WAIT FOR ME. I'LL BE GETTING OFF WORK IN ABOUT THIRTY MINUTES!
WINNER



NATALIE IS OUT ON THE TOWN, NEW YORK TO BE SPECIFIC. SHE STRIDES DOWN THE SIDEWALK, A SHOCK OF PINK HAIR FALLING ACROSS HER ALABASTER FOREHEAD. SHE IS DEVASTATINGLY BEAUTIFUL, INKED AND PIERCED. BUT NO ONE IS LOOKING AT HER. EVERYONE IS STARING AT WHAT'S IN FRONT OF HER: A MAN IN A WHEELCHAIR. ON HIS FEET ARE BLACK LEATHER PUMPS, FETISH HEELS. HE'S WEARING A LOOSE HOSPITAL GOWN AND LIPSTICK. IN HIS EYES A SPECIAL KIND OF CONTACT LENS RENDERS HIM COMPLETELY BLIND. AND FOR 20 CITY BLOCKS HE'S IN HEAVEN.

NOT YOUR TYPICAL FRIDAY NIGHT, EVEN BY BIG APPLE STANDARDS, BUT THEN AGAIN THERE'S NOTHING TYPICAL ABOUT THE RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN A DOMINATRIX AND HER SUBMISSIVE. OFT MISUNDERSTOOD, INFINITELY NUANCED, THEIRS IS A BOND THAT PUTS MOST MARRIAGES TO SHAME—TRUST, RESPECT AND COMMUNICATION ARE PARAMOUNT, WHILE PAIN AND HUMILIATION ARE A WELLSPRING OF ECSTASY. STRAP IN FOR SOME TOUGH LOVE.

BY JOHN BLAYLOCK

TOUGH LOVE: DOMMES & SUBS

NATALIE DOMME, NEW YORK

Mistress Natalie runs her empire out of a very expensive Manhattan shoe box. What she lacks in space she more than makes up for in quality and entrepreneurial grit. "I have no employees. I have no assistant. This is a one-woman show. I interact on every single level with my clients. I do the advertising. I pay all the bills. The cleaning, buying supplies, scheduling, maintenance—all of that falls on me. Not to mention the sessioning part of it."

The sessions in question will set you back $350 an hour, give or take. It varies depending on what you want and how involved it is. But to those who have experienced her unique skills, money is no object.

Natalie is revered by her many loyal submissives, some of whom she's been seeing for nearly two decades. These relationships are not taken lightly—and for two subs, a five-year anniversary joke turned into something truly indelible. "I was joking that the five-year anniversary has to be the tattoo year," she begins. "Two of my slaves, both five years, got tattoos representing our relationship. Kevin is an ironworker, and he got a tattoo on his neck of his collar, which was a big ceremony for him—me staking my claim, saying, 'You are mine.' Mr. Mom has a portrait pinup tattoo of me on his thigh."

That kind of devotion, she explains, comes from a vulnerable place. For a submissive, it's in their best interests to be as honest and open as possible if they hope to find the fulfillment they're chasing. And from that evolves a profound intimacy. "They come to you, not expecting that you're going to be friends, but there's this honesty they bring, telling you things that they probably couldn't ever tell anybody else. When you start from such an honest place—I know all your darkest secrets, things you can't even tell your therapist—and you build on that, how can it go wrong?"

She half-jokes that her relationships with her slaves have lasted longer than most marriages. "These people aren't going anywhere in my life, even if I'm to retire. It's so beyond your traditional domme-sub/work-career relationship. The bonds we've formed are like no other relationship people can understand." >>

PHOTO BY SUZANNE E. ABRAMSON / SEA-FOTO.NET

Natalie is a dominatrix of many talents, and she has played out countless scenarios, but whatever form her sessions take, from foot worship to soul-reckoning enemas, the overarching drive is subservience, or *power exchange* in industry parlance. She offers this explanation: "The ability to make someone else happy or please them is often more gratifying than receiving that pleasure yourself. Subjugating one's own needs to please another is the power-exchange paradigm I play with."

Then last year she met one sub (the aforementioned Wheelchair Boy Wonder) who she says "really upped my fucking game. On a level of one to ten, he's like a 15. Which is awesome because I do get asked to do extreme things that I don't feel comfortable doing with a lot of people." That is, she suspects most don't fully understand the implications or danger of what they're asking for.

But then came Wheelchair Boy, an aficionado of chastity play. His girlfriend would attend and help inform Natalie's sessions. "I get a lot of insight from her, which allows me to push him to another level—because they do a lot of stuff on their own, in their everyday life."

Natalie is unequivocal about how she would never feel comfortable doing heavy BDSM with 99.9999 percent of the population. It can take months, years even, for a submissive to achieve this level of trust with his dominatrix. Especially when she quite literally holds the fate of his penis in her hands.

"They have chastity devices where you have a Prince Albert piercing, and you can put a lock through the chastity. So instead of a ring, it's a lock that's the same gauge, with a key. You put the chastity device on, you put the lock through the hole, and it's through your skin—there's no pulling or wiggling your way out of it; your piercing is holding you into the chastity."

She had a professional piercer come in and do it during his session, as the tip of a wang tends to be a tricky bit of real estate. The chastity devices have been ordered, she confirms, and the keys will be locked in a custom-built home vault that can only be accessed via WiFi and only by his girlfriend.

These kinds of extreme scenarios are the exception and not the rule. But Natalie approaches them all with same respect and commitment, without compromise. She can be stern and bitchy when the situation calls for it, but it's not who she is, and that shines through in her love for what she does.

"When I first got into this, I loved the aesthetic and the cool factor—that gritty, real rawness; that kinkiness; and the fact that I felt like I shouldn't be doing it. It was also a confidence-builder and helped to shift my self-perception. Now the reason I love to do this is the impact I have on other people. The positive impact I have on other people."

www.MistressNatalie.com

ISABELLA SINCLAIRE

DOMME, LOS ANGELES

The latex uniforms, ropes and riding crops equal less than half the equation. So much of what makes a great domme and a domme great is pure intuition and can't be taught. It's innate and develops over time and with experience. Isabella Sinclaire, a former chiropractor's assistant and psychology major, is an LA.-based dominatrix and industry spokesperson with a sixth sense for what's really going on in her sub's head.

"Intuition is probably one of my biggest strengths. I just did a training session with one of my submissives who has a very high-stress job. He's typically more masochistic, very submissive. Four of the ladies I've been training are watching me play with him, and as I'm doling out this pain, I realize he's being hypersensitive, pulling away, and I could tell it was hurting him more.

"So I dialed it back and turned it into a pet scenario: He is my property; he is my pet, does what I say, on his knees, where he can be close to my leg and I can pet him—really softened it down. When it was over, I looked at him and asked, 'Are you okay? I can tell you're affected by something right now.' Whenever anyone plays with me, whatever is going on in their lives kind of plays out in these scenes. You unleash a lot of things. The torture was just too much for his mind and his body to take; he needed more of a hug than a whip!"

"WHENEVER ANYONE PLAYS WITH ME, WHATEVER IS GOING ON IN THEIR LIVES KIND OF PLAYS OUT IN THESE SCENES. YOU UNLEASH A LOT OF THINGS."

Incidentally, Isabella's bullwhip skills are the stuff of legend. In fact, they're known around the world—or at least as far away as the Middle East, where her now infamous pistachio commercial aired for years on end. The premise was simple: A lone pistachio sat on a black chair. Out walked Isabella, her sleek, perfect form encased in black latex, whip in hand. She trained her sight on her target and with the flick of her wrist sent the poor nut into orbit. She never thought her spot would see the light of day—until it aired during *The Tonight Show With Conan O'Brien*. The best part? One take.

"I got a standing ovation," she states very matter-of-factly. "They had blocked out the whole day for me to do this, and we're done before catering was even set up."

When she's not cracking nuts, Isabella runs Ivy Manor Studios, a multiroom fetish fun house where she sessions, films videos and teaches up-and-coming dommes who want to learn from the best. She's the domme that other dommes suggest you need to talk to. "I would say that a good percentage of the women in Los Angeles who work in this industry have had some sort of training through me. They're able to use it on their résumé—it's like going to Princeton or Harvard."

Insofar as a specialty, a preference, Isabella says she's into head games and the cerebral side of BDSM—a fan favorite. "I do more sci-fi, abduction scenarios. I've abducted you, kidnapped you. Now I get to explore you and experiment with you. That sort of thing. >>

PHOTO BY WERNER AMANN

PHOTO BY ALTOVENUE

When someone wants to do a medical scene, I don't want to just do, 'Hi, I'm your doctor. Sit in the chair. Let me test your reflexes.' I like to incorporate it into some sort of hostage takeover, with waterboarding and dental tools. I don't have to hurt you; it's more the psychological effect of having no say over what's about to happen to you."

But again, this level of honesty, openness—it takes a while to get there. In a first, second or even third session, Isabella is still peeling back the layers. But not everyone wants to understand the rationale behind their sessions, just so long as they can scratch that itch. "Some people don't want to know why they're doing it; they just want to do it because it feels good. And if they start dissecting it and analyzing, feeling like they have to have an explanation for it, then it might take away from the need."

Not knowing, she adds, can be part of the thrill. She's all too happy to explore a sub's fetish, so long as it's safe, sane, consensual and available in a size 8. "I have one person who is a Converse fetishist. Why Converse? I have no idea. He loves the way they smell, and they have to be brand-new. Normally foot fetishists like the smell of feet or like the look of dirty feet, something like that. But this one particular person loves the smell of brand-new Converse and loves to see women's feet in them. To me that's not weird—that's more like, 'Let's see where this goes...'"

www.IsabellaSinclaire.com

MISS XI DOMME, VANCOUVER

A Vancouver-based domme with a passion for ball-busting, Miss XI knows exactly what she wants and how to get it. A self-described "supreme brat," she chose her career to cater to her taste for luxury and her love of the BDSM lifestyle. "I looked at my life, and I was like, 'Well, I want to travel. I want to not have a boss and make my own schedule.' A large part of why I was drawn to [being a dominatrix], outside of the fun fact of it being kink, was the lifestyle ability to pick up and go where I wanted."

A petite manga princess from an alternate dimension, Miss XI is an otherworldly, dangerous beauty, like a tropical fish you want to touch but whose spines will kill you. She is unabashed and up front about her desire to be spoiled. Her website reminds visitors that she is a living, breathing extravagance and expects to be treated as such.

So who are the submissives who find fulfillment servicing Miss XI's carnal and material desires? "One is a personal trainer who really loves humiliation," she begins. "Very sweet individual, but twisted and dirty as fuck. So I call him my marzipan pig—because he's sweet, but also filthy and disgusting. The phone that I'm talking on was purchased by him for me. I picked it out, and he paid for it."

For those who can't worship in person, Miss XI offers "long-distance lifestyle financial arrangements." Pressed for details, she weighs her words carefully. "We arrange payment plans to take care of...my interests."

Miss XI is first and foremost a sadist who loves to humiliate her submissives. And they adore her for it. "A lot of my sessions revolve around these things. I have a longer-term client who's very sweet. I tie him up. He always brings a nice array of vegan food, and I'll chew it up and spit it into his mouth while teasing and torturing him," she giggles.

She also offers financial domination—E-transfers are always welcome, while less affluent submissives are encouraged to share their time and service. Remember, this is a tribute, much like ancient civilizations left a share of their crops at the base of an active volcano. Miss XI will not be bought.

"Showing appreciation in a material way is always wonderful, especially because this is my work. Somebody that's generous in that way is showing respect and support by making my life lavish. But it also has to come with a respectful attitude. Because some people try to go about it like, 'Oh, I'm giving you this much money, so I want this.' I don't want to see those people."

Submissives who are lucky enough to make it past her rigorous screening process are in for a treat. "Anything corporal-related is fun; foot fetishism and trampling are two things I'm mostly known for and do a lot of. Some pony play here and there and a bit of sissy stuff and chastity."

But her favorite activity by far is going to town on a sub's junk. She loves ball-busting. Which begs the question, how does one come to realize that testicular trauma is their calling?

"I have this friend in Toronto—this was long before I got into pro-domming. She knew I went to fetish parties and did the modeling thing, and she was like, 'Hey, I met this guy at my university. He's really cute, blond and a chef too!' He was really into ball-busting, and she asked me if I wanted to do it."

That night they all had dinner at Miss XI's place. He cooked a sumptuous braised lamb cheek, and afterward, well, they busted the hell out of his balls. Unfortunately, she says, he set the bar pretty high, because the next few guys she did this to couldn't handle it. "He's still to this day one of the top three people I know who can take that much pain. I learned that with beginners you need to start light, then ramp it up."

> "I TIE HIM UP. HE ALWAYS BRINGS A NICE ARRAY OF VEGAN FOOD, AND I'LL CHEW IT UP AND SPIT IT INTO HIS MOUTH WHILE TEASING AND TORTURING HIM."

As to the extent of her relationships with submissives, Miss XI explains, "It's a lot about reading where somebody is at. I do so many different types of work within the domme industry, and there are a lot of different kinds of relationships that can develop. I have a couple people I see, we'll talk and crack jokes, bring snacks. I'll ball-bust them. We'll chat about whatever. And I think that can be really fun too. What it boils down to is somebody being cool and respectful."

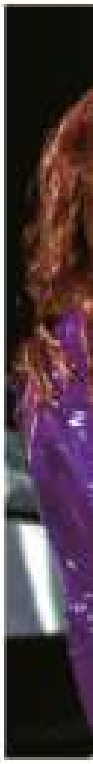
www.MissXI.ca

(continued on page 110)

LATEX LESBIANS

HUSTLER VIDEO. STARRING: SATINE PHOENIX, ANASTASIA PIERCE, ZOE BRITTON, BOO, BARBARA SUMMER, KENDRA JAMES, MISTRESS NICOLETTE, VICTORIA RED & MALIBU.

Latex Lesbians is loaded with ultra-alluring abuse junkies. The concept here is as sharp and simple as the crack of a riding crop: chicks torment each other with deliciously dangerous devices that may well have been purchased at the Marquis de Sade's yard sale. The video starts with Filipina torture magnet Satine Phoenix splayed and bound as a machine-powered dildo rhythmically fucks her bare, gleaming twat. Enter tormentor Anastasia Pierce, who tugs Phoenix's nips to stiffness before clamping them hard. Phoenix is the literal model of restraint as she's put through her paces until finally her body is writhing, ready for release. Pierce half-suffocates Phoenix with titty flesh and slaps her ass red before putting on a display that's half porn video, half Nazi torture-training film. By scene's end, Phoenix's entire head is encased in an inflatable helmet and her labes are pinched wide open by a ring of clothespins. Pierce is again enlisted to work over copper-top Zoe Britton. Britton is tied up with her mouth taped shut as a parade of agony commences—the only thing missing from this scenario is a ransom note. The standout scene of this video gem features Kendra James, whose tits and cunt are subjected to scorching candle wax kisses before she's vacuum-sealed into a rubber sheet. This title probably isn't for the casual jerkoff, but if you find yourself squirtin' for a hurtin', *Latex Lesbians* brings the pain nicely. To order your own punishment, call 800-763-8271 ext. 7675 or visit **HustlerStore.com**. **—Pico D. Ribibi**



VICTORIA RED & MALIBU

ANASTASIA PIERCE &
TOY BARTON

ANASTASIA PIERCE &
SATINE PHOENIX

KENDRA JAMES &
MISTRESS NICOLETTE

AXEL BRAUN'S NYLON

WICKED PICTURES. DIRECTOR: AXEL BRAUN. STARRING: ASA AKIRA, JASMINE JAE, KATRINA JADE, BIANCA BREEZE, BRITNEY AMBER, ALEC KNIGHT, ERIC JOHN, LUCAS FROST, RYAN RYDER & TOMMY GUNN.

Nylon starts off shiny and sleek, like a new pair of stockings, but develops nasty runs rather quickly. The hyper-stylish procession of frilly fillies begins pleasantly enough, with lithe Asian spum target Asa Akira dolled up in stockings and a corset to showcase her drum-tight ass. Akira is subjected to an acrobatic schtup, her body contorting into approximations of the letters *M* and *W*. But things descend from there, like a once-proud hard-on drooping floor-ward, with Jasmine Jae, whose distractingly sharp cheekbones look capable of lacerating a fuckset as she goes down on it. Her surgically mangled tatas appear cross-eyed, nipples pointing toward each other as if asking, "What happened to us?" To be fair, Jae gives a decent footjob, rubbing her soles against a long, stiff cock. In fact, if this were a circus act, she might receive extra peanuts, but dammit, this is porn that people are shelling out hard-earned dollars for. Even Katrina Jade, normally a guaranteed boner-inducer, manages to disappoint, as she draws her stockings up along gams that are punctuated by a series of bruises. Normally such contusions would be a minor quibble, but in a quasi-fetishistic offering like this, details matter. A touch more quality control might have made the difference here, but as it lays, *Nylon* is stretched thin. **—P.D.R.**

JASMINE JAE

KATRINA JADE

BUSTY BEAUTIES CAR WASH 2

HUSTLER VIDEO. DIRECTOR: OTTO BAUER. STARRING: PRIYA PRICE, HARLOW HARRISON, CHRISTIE STEVENS, JAYDEN LEE, AARON WILCOXXX, TOMMY PISTOL, MARCO BANDERAS & DERRICK PIERCE.

The last time I had my car washed, the only perks involved were a dismissive sneer from the attendant over my dilapidated hoopty and a complimentary air freshener that smelled vaguely of vomit. Thankfully, *Busty Beauties Car Wash 2* is a far more rewarding experience. A paean to suds, sponges and stacked sexpots, this offering will definitely rev up a viewer's hot rod. Dusky enchantress Priya Price is hard at work, sudsing a ride, when its owner shows up and directs the sponge to her dazzling chest domes. She drops to her knees and vigorously spit-shines his crankshaft, her chocolate bazooms hanging so damn beautifully. A cock crows in the background as her lover hoists her onto the hood of the car and splits her legs like a wishbone, then hammers her as his balls slap out a backbeat. Tattooed blond vixen Harlow Harrison does her duty at the charity event, generously accepting a donated dipstick. Harrison's otherwise magnificent tits are unfortunately marred by a scribbly tattoo that resembles a thick thatch of chest hair, but every diamond has its flaw. Pale-skinned knockout Christie Stevens, who sports the Eighth and Ninth Wonders of the World, takes on two motorists and gets her tailpipe jammed with a banana as she's heartily double-penetrated. In the movies that kind of blockage usually leads to engine failure, but *Busty Beauties Car Wash 2* accelerates the action till you cross the finish line. To order, call 800-763-8271 ext. 7675 or visit **HustlerStore.com**. **—P.D.R.**

CHRISTIE STEVENS

JAYDEN LEE

HARLEY
DEAN
INSPIRED
PHOTOGRAPHY BY
LARRY FLYNT PRODUCTIONS

I'm a hundred percent involved in everything I do. Whether I'm fucking in front of a crew of people or chilling at home with my girlfriends, I'm present. Every single action can make the world a better place, and that belief shows in my work.

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BEAVER HUNT

EDITED BY MORGEN "TEX" HAGEN

ALICE LITTLE

Eager to show off all her girlie goodies is Alice Little, 26, a "sweet, easygoing, playful and personable" native of Wichita, Kansas. "I used to be a jockey," the 4-foot-8 cutie recalls, "but it's tough for a woman breaking in to get live mounts. You know, horses that have a chance of winning a race. I loved the adrenaline rush of riding, but I wanted a fun job with less hassles." Now guys can mount Alice when she's butt naked and raring to go. "I'm a legal courtesan at Sagebrush Ranch [near Carson City, Nevada]," the cooking, hiking and reading enthusiast explains. "I'm seductive and bisexual with a kinky side. I love to try new things in bed, but I always love kissing and doggy-style because I'm so petite. The angle makes the fucking feel incredible!" Alice, whose favorite flick is *Memoirs of a Geisha*, is way more rambunctious than Japan's kimono-clad companions. Her arsenal of services includes rope bondage, role-play, romantic dinners, overnight ghost-hunting adventures at a haunted hotel and anal sex. "It's such a pleasurable sensation!" she asserts.

—Photos by Lance Kincaid

Twitter: @TheAliceLittle

BELLA BRINKS

"I'm a full-of-energy, fun-loving go-getter," raves Bella Brinks, 22, an exotic dancer and entrepreneur from Denver, Colorado. Here's where much of that vigor goes: "I love anything having to do with the outdoors, cooking and DIY [do-it-yourself] projects," the 5-foot-2 newbie elaborates. "I enjoy listening to Sade, Fabolous and Lauryn Hill, and my favorite movies are *Colombiana*, *Forrest Gump* and *The Secret*. But what I really want your readers to know is that I'm an all-around good woman. I believe that I have one of the purest hearts of anyone in America. I put everyone before me because I know in the end I'll be blessed. I take care of others, and God takes care of me. No matter the situation, I aim to please." Bella's motto always comes to life during sexcapades: "I'm extremely bi and polyamorous, so I like to keep things exciting for my significants. Sometimes I'm seductive and aggressive, but I also get off on being very submissive. I love bondage, being spanked and trying new positions and toys. And I love, love, love role-play!" Bella no longer fancies anal fucking, but she's found a stimulating substitute: "I often walk around with a mini diamond-encrusted butt plug in my ass. In bed it's a sexy little surprise for my significants." —*Photos by Friend*

"I have a thing about not keeping things the same in the bedroom. Sometimes I want to be totally taken advantage of, and other times I want to be the seductive aggressor."
Twitter: @BellaBrinks23

"My fantasy is to be taken on a world cruise and fucked senseless in every country we visit and whenever we pass by one without stopping."

MARTINA

"It's a great turn-on to be in *Beaver Hunt*," says Martina, 34, a "fun, positive, playful and adventurous" MILF from Pauline, South Carolina. "My husband encouraged me to send in pictures because he knows I love being naked in front of the camera. I'm an exhibitionist at heart. I love flashing my pussy at people!" Martina, whose hobbies are networking and "traveling to places I've never been before," fantasizes about being a porn star. The 4-foot-8 Filipina has already laid the foundation: "My kink is dressing provocatively in public, showing a little ass to get all the guys horny wherever I go. But I get an even bigger rush when I'm watched sucking cock and fucking like an animal outdoors." Martina has one more kick: "I love to 69! Nothing is better than having my juicy pussy eaten and a hard cock in my mouth." Yep, the Taylor Swift, Green Day and Rascal Flatts fan is a spunky little rascal. —*Photos by Husband*

"Thank you for giving me another opportunity to tempt your readers," declares Le.Lo from Seattle, Washington. "HUSTLER is simply the best magazine to pose nude for in my opinion." The 4-foot-11 "computer nerd," social media aficionada and photographer will be turning 29 in June, allowing us to give the grateful sweetie a little birthday salute. How will Le.Lo, who first joined the Beaver colony in December '13, celebrate? "I'm naughty, loving and erotic 365 days a year, but birthdays always bring out my most primal, passionate and imaginative side." *—Photo by Le.Lo*

"I've always felt more comfortable being naked," avows Kim Nice, an entertainer from Fairfax, Virginia. "Clothing represses natural beauty." That's why the 5-foot-2 babe introduced herself to the world as a March '15 Beaver. Since Kim will be a 24-year-old come June, we wanted to remind everyone how nice she looks in her birthday suit. How's this for a risqué repertoire? "I play guitar, and I love to sing and dance. My other hobbies are longboard skating, biking, traveling, fucking hot dudes and seducing cuties." *—Photo by Christian Kox*

I'm a naughty pleaser, and I love saying 'Yes, Master' to the man feeding my submissive side."

LEXIE JAMES

"I remember sneaking a peek at my dad's dirty mags at a young age," admits Lexie James, 29, from Huntington Beach, California. "I was fascinated with how beautiful the female body looks printed on glossy paper. I've never been a fan of *Cosmo* or other girlie magazines, as I like to revere women in all their sexy, naked glory. Of course I dreamed of being one of them!" And here she is! "I'm flirty, fun and quick-witted," the 5-foot-3 sweetie tells us. "I love to shop because I'm a girl after all. I'll also get lost in a good book—I'm a big *Little Mermaid* and *Harry Potter* fan—and I really enjoy baking for people." Lexie, whose musical tastes are mostly "stuck on Spice Girls and Britney Spears," gets much hotter away from the kitchen. "I used to be a naughty secretary, and I'm still a fiend and so adventurous. I had an ongoing affair with my boss on his desk after years of flirting, fantasizing and sexual tension. I'm pansexual and polyamorous. The more the merrier! I love gangbangs, orgies and swinger parties. I really enjoy being in a submissive position, getting used and passed around like a happy little whore." That simile is Lexie James in a nutshell now that she channels her boudoir talents and verve as a legal courtesan at Carson City, Nevada's Love Ranch North. "I'll lick your lollipop and do whatever you want," Lexie vows. —*Photos by Lance Kincaid*

"I love to be bent over and plowed deep from behind. I'm a G-spot cummer, so having a long dick hitting the right spots will make me scream! I like it even better when there's another dick in my mouth! I have been told I have quite the talent when it comes to giving oral."

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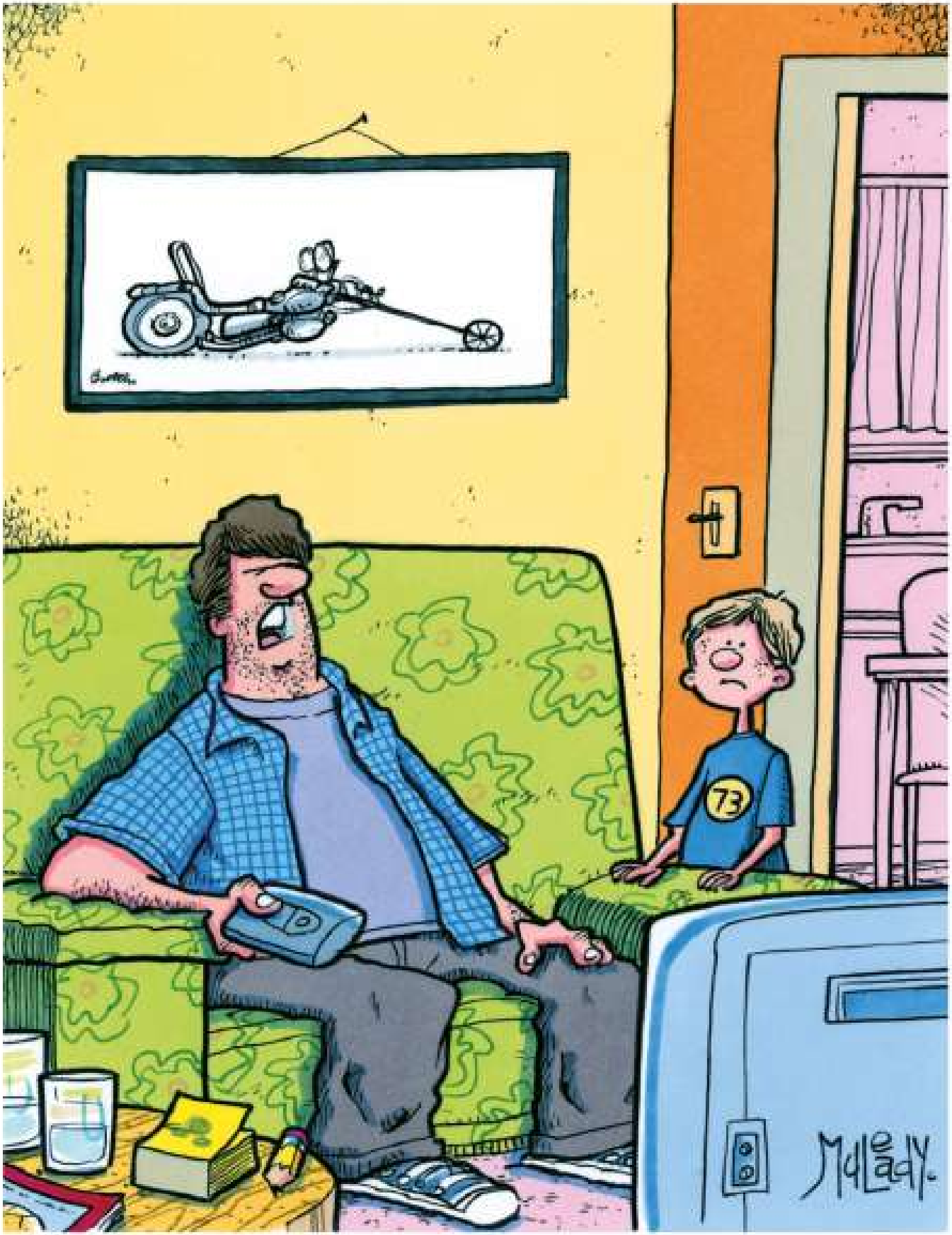

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(continued from page 79)

MR. MOM SUBMISSIVE, NEW YORK

Mr. Mom is a widower and single dad. At the same time his wife was diagnosed with cancer, he started a new job—one that was exponentially more stressful than he had been led to believe. In a span of days Mr. Mom's anxiety level went from five to 11 on a scale of ten.

"People would say, 'Go, get a massage.' But things were so difficult in my life, I wanted something to give me the physical equivalent of the pain I was feeling at every moment."

Natalie was the third dominatrix he visited. "It was *Goldilocks and the Three Bears*—the first domme wasn't rough enough, the second one was too rough, and the third one was just right."

That was six years ago. Their sessions have since evolved beyond the dungeon into a bona fide friendship. Their proximity is exceptional, but Natalie is an exceptional domme. "I consider her one-third dominatrix, one-third nutritionist-physical trainer and one-third goal-setting enforcer. Without Natalie I don't think I would have gotten through the difficult times. It was very bad, and I'm significantly better from knowing her." He elaborates. "Let's put it this way—I'm down 30 pounds since knowing her, and if I didn't, I'd probably be 60 pounds overweight, ... and drinking my face off every night. But she got me through that and prevented me from going down that road. I owe her a lot."

Mr. Mom enjoys corporal punishment and even has his own dog collar and name tag for his sessions with Natalie. The scenario depends on where his head is at, but once that switch goes on, the relationship changes. "I'm definitely a type-A person; I like to control everything. I *have* to control everything. But once she puts that collar around my neck, I get relaxed, and things are a lot better."

Mr. Mom describes a wall in Natalie's studio with steel eyelets bolted into brick. She'll cuff him, then lock him to the wall. He quickly grows hard and excited. "She's on top of me, talking the whole time. It's more of a mind-fuck than anything. I like the endorphins that come with being hit. I want somebody giving me a hard time. If you saw me and what I do and how I look—no one ever gives me a hard time except for this one person, and that's her. She's very friendly; there are lots of laughs, even if she's in your face. It's a wonderful experience, and I trust her completely."

Mr. Mom advises novice subs to be honest about what they want: "People are embarrassed—as if it's the first time a dominatrix has heard what you're about to say. You need to have guts; you're not going to shock them. In the beginning I wouldn't say a word, but you have to get to a point where you're comfortable enough to say, 'Hey, this is what I'm looking for.' Be up front and say it, and it will work out."

"I just googled *raging bitch*. It's actually a pretty decent photo of you!"

"My testicles? Oh, I lost those in my divorce."

MARC SUBMISSIVE, LOS ANGELES

Friendships born of kink can take many forms, including the prized designation of "personal sub" status. Marc is one of those lucky few and serves as a teacher's assistant-cum-classroom prop for Isabella Sinclaire. They met two years ago, when his BDSM-friendly wife booked him an appointment with L.A.'s finest.

"I had a lot of professional sessions, and a lot of them sucked. I would never go back to that person. With Isabella, she's on a whole different plane. And I've been helping her a lot now that I'm one of her personal submissives."

Isabella, who trains would-be dommes at her Ivy Manor Studios compound, demonstrates her techniques on the very willing Marc. "She has five students in the class, watching the entire thing," he explains. "Obviously I'm naked, and the fact that they're all watching adds a whole other dimension to it. She flogs me as well as uses a cane. There's a lot of CBT [cock and ball torture]. There's definitely pain involved, but she kind of talks you through that, to get you to take more, which I like as well. Some people will only reach a certain level, and certain people will be experts at something."

Marc has helped Isabella move and even lavishes her with gifts when possible—theirs is a subtle, effortless sort of barter, where endorphins are currency and everyone gets what they want.

"I like the psychological aspects of it; I like the clothes and the look, but it's more about the objectification, giving up that type of control. She's very verbal when I'm in session, and lately, because I've been helping her a lot to train new students, I get used like a guinea pig as other women watch what she's doing to me. You think about this stuff a lot, and when you get to experience it, it's euphoric." H

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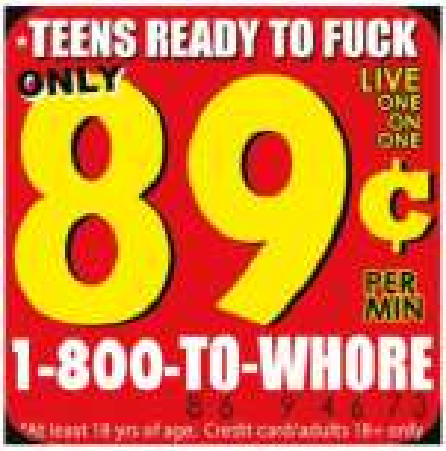
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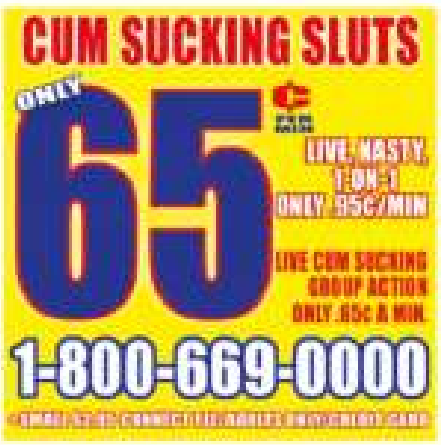
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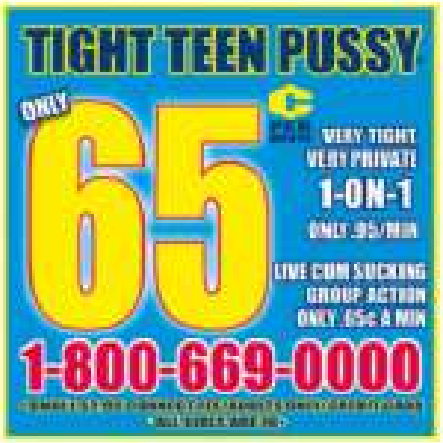
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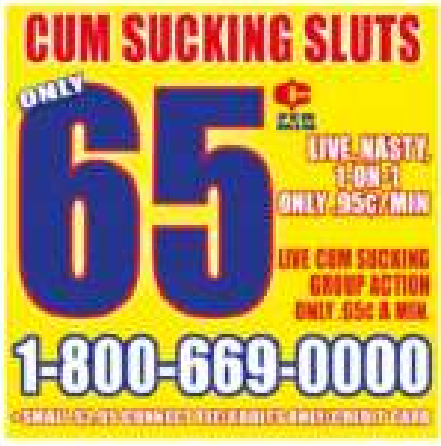
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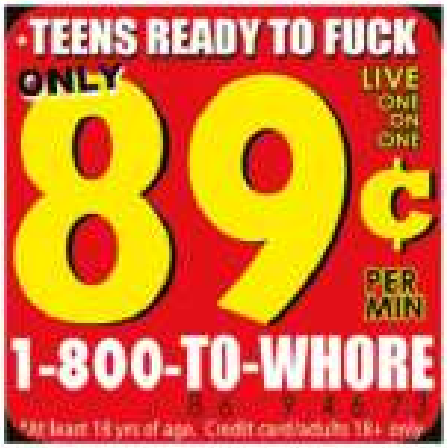
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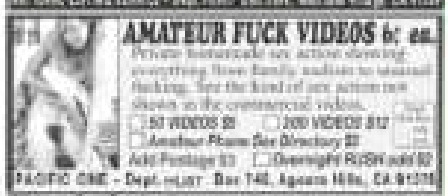

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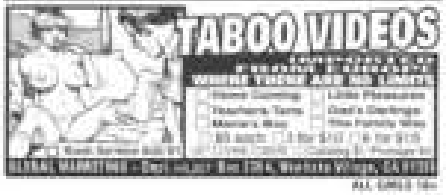
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BAD TEENS GET PUNISHED

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